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AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF MY
HUSBAND,
COL. WILLIAM C. CLAIBORNE.

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POEMS.

THIS BLESSED DAY.

OH blesséd day of all the days
That make the teeming year,
I would I could so sing thy praise
That every land might hear.

I would I could so sing thy praise,
That every heart might feel
That only to the living Christ
The stricken soul should kneel.

I would, oh! day of all the days!
This harp of mine had strings,
That caught the tones from Heaven above
Where holy angels sing.

I strike the chorus—upon the air
The empty sounds are spent;
“Surely” I cry ‘twas not for this
My yearnings deep were sent.

“Another hand hath sweeter touch,
Another voice its tone,
That tells what I would strive to say,
While yet my task’s undone.”

With thee, oh! day of all the days,
Have I alone found rest ;
With Him who living, lived for me,
The dearest Friend and best.

With Him who dying, loved me still ;
And with His nailéd hand
Still pointed to a home above
In His own promised land.

And this, oh day of all the days !
My yearning heart will say,
“Let all vanish from the earth,
But leave His natal day.

“Let all vanish from the heavens,
But leave that blesséd morn ;
Star mirrored in the skies above—
On which the Christ was born.”

FAITH.

SHE hath a veil upon her face
That we can never raise,
And mystic words are on her lips
Of love, or hope, or praise.

She beareth caskets in her hands,
But they are sealéd fast,
And earthly eyes look not within
Until the portal's past.

She beckons—and we follow her,
Not knowing where we go,
Nor turning back, though faint the light,
Our weary path may show.

Still on, and on, by many a path
Where we have never been,
With half told words, and visions strange,
We have not heard or seen.

But still, but still we follow her,
With steps that bolder grow ;
With hearts and souls athirst to find,
What veil and casket show.

We feel her face is wondrous fair ;
We feel her words are wise :
Though they have never reached our ears,
Nor met our startled eyes.

But always we must see her still,
With hands to beckon on,
She leaves us not by day, by night,
Until our days are done.

She calls, and pointing onward
Still urges us ahead,
Still has her steady light to burn
By every path we're led.

We know that she hath wings, for they
Oft fold about her face,
When through her veil, exceeding bright,
Beams that divinest grace.

And when the journey all is o'er,
And we shall pause at last,
She will unfold her wings and fly
Where hidden things are past.

And we,—we know not how it is,
But we will follow too,
Having the things we longed to see
All plain before our view.

THE SONG OF THE STARS.

THE clear night glittered
With stars in the sky—
All countless in number,
They seemed to my eye.

And they fastened my heart
With their strange pure light,
Now growing more faint;
Now gleaming more bright.

And there, as I stood
And watched how they burned,
The shadows of earth
My spirit it spurned.

And I looked long, and listened
To hear on the air
If the sound of their voices
Should find my dull ear.

Sweet, sweet came the sound
Of their song on the wind—
No words to describe it
Will my tongue ever find.

But the words clear and ringing
Came down from the sky,
As the voice of a spirit
Had whispered it nigh.

“We were born in the void
Of creation,” they said,
“To jewel the crown
That encircles His head.

“We gleamed on His forehead,
We gleamed on His breast,
Shone bright when He labored,
And watched o’er His rest.

“We were lamps for His feet,
And a light for His hands,
When He poured out the seas
And fashioned the lands.

“A light for His hands,
And a lamp for His feet,
When He called the fair morning
And evening to meet.

“Yea, we held Him a lamp
While He fashioned the sun,
And the moon, and the earth,
Till His work was all done.

“We shone on His forehead,
We gleamed on His breast,
When the dawn of the Sabbath
Had brought Him her rest.

And then, as His children
Groped on in the night,
“I will give them my lamps
Their footsteps to light.”

Yea, so said the Father
All loving and kind,
And from crown, and from breast-plate,
His jewels unbind.

“And now, we are gleaming
So bright in the sky,
To show where the path
To the Father doth lie.

“Come, come we will lead you,
If you list to our voice
Where the angels of God
With rapture rejoice.

“Come, come we will show you
The Father’s bright throne;
The crown and the breast-plate
Where we glittered and shone.”

A LIFE LESSON.

I STRUCK my harp with trembling hand,
The notes around me fell;
My poor heart sank with wild dismay;
A child might do as well.

I thought to strike some mighty chord,
With lofty, thrilling strain,
That sinking in the heart would live,
And never die again.

For I had seen grand company,
And heard their mighty song,
Roll, in sublimest music,
As before an army strong,

That comes, with onward marching,
Through all the length of years;
All heroes in their blazing ranks,
All, coronetted peers.

And in my heart, their noble thoughts,
And mighty swelling strain,
Were breaking, as the ocean waves,
Dash back upon the main.

And then again, rise up and swell,
And strive to reach the shore;
Again fall back into the depths,
To strive, forever more.

So rose the music in my heart,
To in wild utterance pour—
So fell into the untold depths,
Where I could reach no more.

I clasped my harp in wild dismay;
I wept as weeps a child.
It echoed back its pain with mine,
In strains so fierce and wild,

That I grew hushed before its power;
Its swell of fierce despair;
As if a lion couched to spring,
And rend me from his lair.

And then I strove with soothing words,
And tender, loving tone,
To hush its raging frenzy;
Its wild and bitter moan.

I pointed to the stately oak,
That towered above my head,
And to the little violet
Asleep upon its bed.

And then I waked the flower up,
And looked into its eyes,
And saw upon the lowly ground,
The beauty of the skies.

“Sweet lovely flower, I pray thee speak
To this wild harp of mine,
And tell of all the sweet content,
In this pure heart of thine,

“That sleeps so sweetly at the feet
Of this majestic tree;
While storms may rend his rugged limbs,
They’ll bring no harm to thee.

“You rest in safety all the night,
And smile the livelong day;
And if a tear comes in thine eyes,
’Twill but a moment stay.

“And all who come and see thee here,
Will love thee, little flower,
While towering oak may prostrate lie,
In any evil hour.

“Oh tell me flower, how sweet it is,
To have a simple heart,
And humbly, with a tender tone,
Its loving thoughts impart.

“Deep swelling strains, like furious winds,
May rend the heart in twain,
And though the world hears wondrous things,
The heart lies crushed with pain.”

MY JOURNEY.

I MAY start on my journey to-morrow,
When the morn comes freshly and fair;
When the birds will be singing so sweetly,
Their songs in the still morning air.

And the fair flowers too will be blooming,
Their breath will come in at the window,
For the breeze will find where they're sleeping,
And bring in their odors I know.

But I shall not care for the morning;
For the birds, nor their singing so sweet;
Nor the flowers so fresh in the dewdrops;
Nor the breeze where the sweet odors meet.

For I shall be starting, be starting;
On my journey so long and so far;
I'll not miss the birds nor the flowers,
Nor think yet to carry them there.

There are flowers all blooming in beauty;
And birds singing sweeter I know;
And breezes far softer and gentler;
In the land that I'm going to.

I may start on my journey at noonday,
When the world is all flooded with light;
And the gay throngs are passing and passing,
All decked in their garments so bright.

They will tell of the feast and its pleasures;
Of the friends they are gathering to meet;
Of the dreams and the hopes they now cherish;
Of their love so tender and sweet.

But I shall not care for the noonday;
I shall not care for the feast;
For the friends, nor their dreams nor their hoping,
Nor the love that I know will not last.

For I shall be starting, be starting,
On my journey, so long and so far;
There'll be friends, and feasting, and loving;
I know I shall find them all there.

I may start on my journey at evening,
When the worry and the work are all done;
And the cares that have come from the morning,
Have fled from my face and are gone.

The friends I have loved long and cherished,
They will gather and stand all around;
And weep when they speak of the parting,
Of the bed made under the ground.

But I shall not care for the evening,
The worry, the work, and the care;
Nor the friends, though they still may be weeping;
Nor the bed so narrow out there:

For I shall be starting, be starting—
On my journey, so long and so far;
I shall carry no friends, and no worry,
And the bed, I shall leave it out there.

I may start on my journey at midnight,
When the blackness of darkness I see;
When the lights are all faded and vanished,
And no one is standing with me.

But I shall not care for the midnight;
For the blackness of darkness around;
Nor the lights that have faded and vanished;
Nor the friends that are not to be found:

For I shall be starting, be starting—
On my journey, so long and so far;
Where the lights will be burning forever,
And the darkness will never come near.

THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

TIME flies away on the wings of the wind,
Bearing off treasures I never can find;
Sad are the words that he flings back to me,
As he flies on the wind to the uttermost sea.

“What you have lost, and what I have gained,
It is needless to weep for, I never yet deigned,
To pause for a moment, for pleading or prayer,
From the brave, or the strong, the young, or the fair.

“Treasures, vast treasures, I hold in my hand,
That I grasped on the sea, and I grasped on the land,
But now they are mine, and I bear them away,
To a land where your faltering feet may not stray.

“The soft locks of childhood, its sunny blue eyes,
With the light and the color they caught from the skies,
Its frail slender form, growing chill in the wind,
And sweet lisping words, you never will find.

“The young maiden’s blush, like the bloom on the peach,
Or like the pink shells, that lie on the beach,
The vows of her lover, his prayers and his tears,
His transports of rapture, all his hopes and his fears.

“They are mine, they are mine, and I bear them away,
No strength, and no power, my flight can e’er stay;
And no pearl is so precious, no gem is so bright,
Not the sun by the day,—not the stars by the night.

- “The young mother, smiling with love on her child,
Stronger than death, though her eyes are so mild,
Braver than warrior, though her words are so soft,
They are mine, they are mine, and I’ve borne them aloft.
- “The fair young bride, in her white silken robes,
Beneath which her heart, with its joy now throbs,
Her soft drooping eyes, dark fringed from the light,
That burns in the bridegroom’s, too dazzlingly bright.
- “They are mine, they are mine, and my hand holds them
tight,
I bear them in triumph, far, far, from his sight:
’Tis useless to search through the chambers and halls,
She will never heed more nor answer his calls.
- “The crown of the king, his sceptre and throne,
They are mine, and not his, and away I have borne,
The things that he prized, above all on the earth,
And he stands now, as helpless, as a babe at its birth.
- “The wreath made of laurels, fresh, living and green,
I snatched from the brow, where in pride it had been,
The wreath and the pride—They are mine, they are mine.
And low lies the victor, while I fly on the wind.
- “Long strings of bright pearls I bear in my hand,
That I’ve found on the sea, and I’ve found on the land,
They are the tears of the pure, the gentle, and good,
And I fly on the wind, to bear them to God.”

SING ME A SONG.

SING me a song love,
Something that's gay ;
Whiling all care,
And sorrow away.

Sing from thy young heart,
Love's simple song ;
As a sweet stream love,
Glideth along.

Fret not ambition !
Awake not desire !
Both of them, fiercely—
Burn, as a fire.

But sing me a song love,
Soft as the dove's ;
Sweet as low music,
That whispers of love.

Slumbering let mem'ry,
Lie on her couch ;
On her still form love,
Lay not a touch.

Else I shall turn me,
Away from thy song,
Back to the stream love,
That's gliding along.

Passes a home love,
Hid, from thy sight
Fair in its beauty,
Bright in its light.

Oh, sing me a song love,
And let me forget,
All, that I knew love,
Or ever, we met.

DAY BY DAY.

DAY by day I rise resolving
That the vain and foolish cares
Shall not vex my soul immortal;
Filling life with endless snares.

Day by day I rise resolving,
Yet some lofty aim to find,
That shall fasten high endeavor
On the yearning soul and mind.

Yet each day by day uprising,
Still the little round begins,
With its festering cares and follies,
With its low and groveling sins.

While each day by day uprising,
I with longing fierce and wild,
Strive to break from bondage galling,
As with giant strives the child.

IF I HAD GOLD.

If I had gold what would I buy,
A palace wide, and a palace high,
And spreading lands and herds and flocks,
And shepherds to tend them with pipes and crooks.

Would I buy me a lordly mansion fair,
In the grandest town and dwell in it there,
Would it glisten and beam with all that is bright,
Through the livelong day and the livelong night.

Would I buy me a friend for every hour,
And a lovely wife with a syren's power,
To lead me away from the dangerous coast,
Where my ship might be wrecked and my life be lost.

And when I had bought all of these could I buy
Day after day that I might not die,
Life for my soul and life for my heart,
And spare me from all of my treasures to part.

Oh if I had gold what would I buy,
A home on the earth or a home in the sky,
The one I must leave and I know not when,
And the other lies far where I never have been.

Ah! I see it is plain I never would know,
What I would do with my gold or no,
And perhaps after all it may be the best,
That my heart and my soul are still spared the test.

SUMMER.

A THOUSAND hearts have sought for gifts,
To crown thee queen of all the year,
A thousand striven still, to paint,
The beauty of the robes you wear.

To sing as thou dost, in the fields,
When reapers mow the heavy grain;
Or in the meadow like thy lark,
With his exulting free born strain.

They've sought to paint for us thy fruits,
The beauty of thy gorgeous flowers;
The dreamy gliding of thy days,
That drop away in mellow hours.

And all have sought to tell in vain,
In vain to paint, in vain to sing;
As well might children idly strive,
A crown upon the sun to fling.

For who can measure half thy wealth,
Or half thy wond'rous beauty show;
That on ten thousand hills and fields,
With never, stinted hand you throw.

Oh who can learn the myriad songs,
That echo from thy groves and bowers,
When universal love doth teach,
Still new born notes for every hour.

Methinks when time, lets slip the chord,
And flies to other worlds than this,
That angels then from Paradise,
Shall teach thy songs and paint thy bliss.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

HOPE builds her castles in the air,
And fancy ekes them wondrous fair ;
She gilds the arching roof with gold,
Their lofty towers stand high and bold.

The porches, halls, and chambers wide,
On every hand meet and divide ;
And windows bringing in the light
Make all a scene too fair, too bright.

So wondrous fair, so wondrous bright,
We see it e'en in darkest night ;
The gorgeous splendors daze the eye,
As we in rapture draw it nigh.

And then, alas ! they all are gone ;
Lost as in mist that veils the morn—
Or flying on a sudden wind,
To leave no corner stone behind.

Fair castles, oh, how oft has she
Builded you strong and firm for me,
And then if I but turned my eye,
They fled, and left me but a sigh.

THE DEPARTED DAY.

ANOTHER day has come and gone ;
 Another night crept in ;
 Like some dark shadow in the place,
 Where light, and joy, hath been.

Another day hath come and gone ;
 I cannot tell, nor see,
 In what strange land the day was born,
 Nor where her grave may be.

But this I know, too well I know,
 She broke full many a heart ;
 And left full many an empty place,
 Ere yet she did depart.

And this I know, too well I know,
 She will come back no more,
 To heal the hearts she idly broke,
 Nor lovely things restore.

Then let her go ! Oh let her go !
 Upon her darkened way ;
 Another full as false, as fair,
 Will come as long to stay.

Then let her go—yes, let her go—
 Nor weep to see her leave—
 She only came, to kindle flame ;
 And loving hearts bereave.

LOVE'S NAME.

“PRAY tell me thy name?”

I said as Love came,
Tripping, and skipping,
With all his equipping.

“My name is Delight,
You will find I’m right,”
And he bended his bow—
A swift arrow to throw.

With unerring sight—
With his skill and his might—
And it fastened its dart,
Deep down in my heart.

“Oh Love!” I now cried,
(The blood dripped from my side,)
“You’ve wounded my heart
With your falsehood and dart.

“Not pleasure, but pain,
Will I e’er see again;
For awake or asleep,
I must fear and must weep.

“For the wound in my heart,
Made deep with your dart,
I know now your name,
It is sorrow, and shame.

“No skill can e’er heal,
No prayer—no appeal,
My poor heart can free,
From the wound you gave me.”

WISHES.

A FEATHER, on the flying wind—
A treasure found, within a dream—
The echo of a sweet, sad song—
A quiver of a bright sunbeam.

Upon the air the thistle’s down—
A scented breath where flowers have been—
The recollection of the dawn,
That ushers love’s bright morning in.

And what is lighter—tell me, say?
And I will paint the wish for thee;
Ah yes—I do recall it now,
The vow you made me yesterday.

PATIENCE.

OH, Patience, with your toiling hands,
And sweet pale lips, that smile,
On every weary task outspread,
And tell of rest erewhile.

How beautiful your gentle face ;
How tender your caress :
To restless weary ones that faint,
'Neath burdens that oppress.

What sweet soft words you teach the young,
How gently, lead their steps,
Across life's rough and rugged way,
That else would prove too steep.

Sweet friend, I love you, though your eyes
Are often full of tears ;
And though I followed you all sad,
With less of hope, than fear.

Yet still I love to hear you tell,
Of what you yet will bring ;
I love to hear you, at your toil—
Life's holiest anthems sing.

And now I pray you leave me not,
By day, nor yet by night,
Cheer me, when I am weary,
With Hope's bright beacon light.

It may not gleam on heights I know,
Nor valleys I have seen,
Nor yet on any rugged sea,
Where I have ever been.

But tell me, tell me—it is there,
Awaiting still my soul;
Where rugged hills, nor darkened vales,
Nor angry seas may roll.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE saddest of all the spirits,
That wait on the hearts of men,
Art thou, oh Disappointment!
When we think how it all has been.

The dreams, and the hopes, and the loving;
The pride, and ambition, and greed;
How it fared with our toil and our serving—
How it fares to-day with our need.

LOVE IS ALWAYS YOUNG.

NAY, do not chide the child good friends,
 Nor wish he were away,
 For love is always young, good friends,
 And idle pranks will play.

Oh! Love is always young good friends,
 And thoughtless in his sport;
 He heedeth not, he careth not,
 For things of good report.

He heedeth not, he careth not,
 For gems or glittering gold;
 Yet for these baubles oft I grieve,
 Unwittingly he's sold.

But oh! it must be cruel, friends,
 The pure thus to betray,
 And love is ever young and pure;
 I pray you let him stay.

He sports, when life is in its spring,
 With light and bended bow,
 And well, I ween, the lovely child,
 His arrows keen, can throw.

But with caress, and tender kiss,
 Each wound he seeks to heal,
 And sure a gentle heart like his,
 For all, the pain must feel.

Oh Love! is sweet, when life is young,
And trusting hearts are pure ;
And love is always young, my friends,
And ever shall endure.

THE OFT TOLD TALE.

WHEN I was young, and life was fair,
And hope seemed smiling everywhere,
I loved the world.

I thought my friends would all prove true,
And leave me nothing else to do,
But love and trust.

But when the years flew quickly by,
And hope her pinions oft did try,
And fled away;

I found the world I thought so fair,
By winter winds was oft made bare,
And chill'd my soul.

That hope, a bird of summer's day,
Would not abide the winter's sway,
Not e'en for me.

I found the friends I deemed so true,
Had left me something else to do,
But love and trust.

THE LOST CAUSE.

THERE is a grave so deep, so deep,
 That thousand heroes in it sleep;
 There is a vigil lasting long,
 As days, and months, and years are long

Unclosed that grave will ever be,
 Where we our gory dead may see;
 Unfinished too the song and prayer,
 That hope long left to dark despair.

Where all the Southern oceans roll,
 Their waves like funeral bells still toll;
 In all the breadth of Southern sky,
 The stars reply—"They cannot die."

Still let the open grave attest,
 They were the bravest and the best;
 Each brook in Southern field that runs,
 Tells how 'twas finished—how begun.

And streamlets babble as a child,
 Or maniac in her fancies wild,
 Of scenes they saw by day, by night,
 Done under heaven and in God's sight.

The very winds above them sigh,
 O'er what by stream and roadside lie,
 And mountains high above them all,
 Still answer back the trumpet's call.

The birds by night sing requiems here,
O'er what to every heart is dear,
O'er what to every heart is lost,
Though paid the cost—Oh paid the cost.

Great God can human hearts forget,
So long as suns shall rise and set;
Can human hearts once born to hope,
Live but to long for graves to ope.

We lay our fingers on our lip,
And drop by drop the gall cup sip,
Thankful to feel that now to-day,
God rules the world and will alway.

Thankful to know that heaven is near,
And there an everlasting ear,
A father's heart, a judge's decree,
That erreth not for thou or me.

SPRING IS COMING.

SPRING is coming, for her footprints,
On the meadows all are seen;
She hath brought her lovely flowers,
Scattering them where snows have been.

She hath crossed the little streamlet,
And it bubbles of her still;
She hath crossed the brook and river,
And the threadlike little rill.

And they all to banks and blossoms,
Whisper what the spring has brought,
What the magic of her presence,
Over all their way has wrought.

She has brought the birds to welcome,
All the blossoms as they bloom,
Making fair the barren places,
Blighted by the winter's gloom.

She hath brought the bees whose humming,
Over all the flowers fair,
Fills with drowsy, dreamy music,
All the busy scented air.

She hath brought the breezes whispering
Many a thing they will not tell,
Of the lands where they have lingered,
And where lovely things must dwell.

She hath brought young kine and lambkin,
Bleating plaintive in the fields;
Where in sunny nooks and shelters,
Tenderly her young she shields.

She hath brought the old renewal,
Of the memories of youth;
Mixing things all false and cruel,
With their tenderness and truth.

She hath brought the young, I thank her,
Days they will remember long,
Living in their hearts forever,
Thoughts, and words, and sweetest song.

She hath brought for all a blessing,
Teeming full and running o'er,
For the rich who gaily meet her,
For the faint and shivering poor.

For the sick who watch her blossoms,
Hear her sweet birds sing again,
She hath brought ere they shall leave them,
Things to steal their hearts from pain.

Things to whisper climes awaiting,
Where the winter comes no more,
Where the pain; and fear, and weeping,
For the weary will be o'er.

She hath brought, oh blessed spirit!
Angels walking at her side,
Who with hands anointed scatter
Countless blessings wide and wide.

And we welcome her and love her,
As no other we may love ;
While we journey farther, farther,
Sweeter will her coming prove.

Till beginning we will count them,
Each fair spring time, o'er and o'er,
Bringing all their gathered treasures,
From the days that past before.

And departing left us leaflets,
From the book of memory dear,
We shall read with smiles too fleeting,
But with many a lingering tear.

Welcome her! Oh birds and blossoms!
Welcome her ye busy bees!
Welcome her ye kine and lambkins!
Welcome her each whispering breeze?

Welcome her, oh hearts exhausted!
Worn with cold and weary care,
Welcome her ye sick and fainting!
She will point the healing there.

Welcome her ye rich, she bringeth,
Things your treasures cannot buy;
She will comfort you while weeping,
If with swiftest wings they fly.

Welcome her, ye poor and needy,
She is tender with your hearts;
She will whisper many a sweet hope,
Ere in leaving she departs.

Whisper many a sweet voiced promise,
Of reward for all your toil ;
Of abundant harvest reaping,
You shall garner from the soil.

Welcome her, ye fair and lovely,
Happy with the spring and youth,
Happy with your love and trusting,
Never doubting once its truth.

Welcome her, ye old and weary,
Trembling, tottering on your way,
It is sweet to pause and rest you,
With her lovely things to-day.

It is sweet to sit and count them,
O'er, and o'er, and o'er again ;
All the happy days she brought you,
Dropping out each weight of pain.

Through your fingers, drop them, drop them,
In the stream now rushing past ;
But the joys, the things of beauty,
You will, old hands, hold them fast.

Welcome her, my heart, I bid you,
For I know you love her well,
There are things that she will whisper,
That you long to hear her tell.

Mornings, noons and evenings passing,
Faster than a bird can fly ;
But she left you things you treasure,
That no gold on earth can buy.

LEFT BEHIND.

My thoughts all behind me,
 My hopes are lagging too,
 And my eyes are backward turning
 To keep them still in view.

The world is whirling—whirling—
 I grow dizzy with the round;
 Grow sick with broken treasures—
 That by the way are found.

For changes, reckless changes,
 Are ever sweeping by—
 I cannot find the world I knew,
 And strange too, seems the sky.

Its far off blue is paler,
 Its clouds look dark and low;
 And from their distant chambers
 The cold winds ever flow.

And Oh, the strange cold faces,
 That look at me in scorn,
 Because I am old and feeble,
 Am weary and forlorn.

I think I must be tarrying
 Too late along the way;
 While there is naught of promise,
 That bids me longer stay,

I hear what others tell them,
Of bright days still ahead;
Of all the glorious happenings,
That shall be—When I am dead.

And the world seems whirling faster,
And hope seems farther left,
While I cling to that last pleasure—
Of which I am bereft.

The light that lies behind me
Is too distant in the land;
And in utmost, utmost distance,
What I crave to understand.

So with lagging, and with striving,
With bewilderment and pain;
I am treading on a pathway,
I shall never pass again.

Oh earth, you may whirl onward!
Oh hearts, you may believe!
But the ringing changes promise,
And they promise to deceive.

THERE ARE GEMS IN THE SEA, LOVE.

THERE are gems in the sea, love,
Bright gems in the skies,
But none of them gleam, love,
As bright as thine eyes.

There are roses that blush, love,
By hill, stream, and vale,
But the rose on thy cheek, love,
Makes them droop and grow pale.

There are soft winds that sigh, love,
With their low tender tone,
But they still their own voice, love,
To list to thy own.

There are lilies, fair lilies
Like flakes of pure snow,
But none are so fair, love,
As thy throat and thy brow.

And no crown, with its gold, love,
With its priceless bright gem,
Was brighter, or dearer,
Than thy ringlets that gleam,

In the bright light of morning,
In the sunset of eve,
Where the last rays are lingering,
Reluctant to leave.

Oh! maiden, thy red lips,
Hath stolen away
All my thoughts, and the words
I was striving to say.

For brighter and sweeter,
And dearer by far,
Than blossom, or gem,
Or bright morning star,

Or all I have told thee,
Or can tell thee again,
That lives on the mountain,
Or lives in the plain,

That flies in the air,
Or floats on the sea,
Are those lips, when they whisper,
Their deep love for me.

I forget there is sorrow—
I forget there is pain—
All words of the wise
Are whispered in vain.

I only remember
My heart is thine own,
Like the dove from the ark,
From my breast it has flown.

SILENCE.

THERE'S silence in the earth asleep,
Deep silence in the sky,
So still I hear my pulses beat,
My bosom heave its sigh.

While thought with ever restless strength,
Still vainly strives to find,
The hidden things beyond her reach,
That baffle heart and mind.

She starts her wildest theories,
Her boldest visions fling,
Into the thinker's startled face,
That life and death can bring.

She reaches her unlicensed hand,
Across ten thousand years,
And grapples with their mysteries,
Nor warning heeds, nor fears.

Amid the awful silence,
How blasphemous seems thought,
To strive to find, amid the dark,
How the Great Cause has wrought.

To strive to find amid the dark,
Lights glittering chambers vast,
And one by one the secret things,
Of time to be and past.

How boldly does she question me,
Of great creation's dawn ;
If as one feeble ray it came,
Or as resplendent morn.

Of who and what behind that hour,
Did think and throb with life ;
Of who with what contending foe,
Waged nature's ceaseless strife.

From whence the pulse that throbbed the world,
With first its threaded rill,
That on through fields, and streams, and seas,
The myriad forms did fill.

And whence, oh whence? that mystic thing,
In terror, men name soul,
That seems beyond and over all,
From some far depth to roll.

Bringing a low strange whispering,
Of things that we would know,
Then as a vapor, faint recedes,
With nought to tell or show.

But ever, ever comes again,
At times we may not think,
With words that in the heart will fall,
As drops in deep wells sink.

We do not hear the sound too far,
For any ear to hold ;
But well we know they reach some depth,
No human eye beholds.

Oh thought! you throb my pulses wild,
With mighty surging waves,
That sweep o'er every living thing,
As in one mighty grave.

Wherein lies all that I would claim,
Believe, or hope, or love,
And underneath its buried depth,
Grim doubt and terror move.

I fly from silence, night and thought,
And seek relief in prayer,
Beyond all silence, night and thought,
I know that God is there.

OVER, AND OVER AGAIN.

Oh heart beset with longing,
Oh life with your empty show,
There is still the same sad history,
In every land we go.

The bird still sings in its iron cage,
With the wide free world beyond,
The boldest lark with its baffled wing,
Sinks wearily back on the ground.

The stream in the fairest vale still frets,
Its narrow banks between,
Its pent up, restless, waves beat fierce,
'Gainst flowing margins green.

For the swell of the mighty ocean,
With its distant rolling tide,
Calls the hast'ning stream from the beauty
That lies on every side.

Over, and over, and over,
From every land we hear,
The plea for a wider freedom,
A flight from ills too near.

Over, and over, and over,
Comes the cry of the baffled heart,
That sinks from heights too lofty,
Where it erst did boldly start.

And over, and over, and over,
Comes the wail of a great despair,
From the thing that is broken and shattered,
And bleeding in anguish there.

But still, oh world! you write it,
Over and over again,
The strife with bonds for freedom,
For pleasure with the grasp of pain.

A FRAGMENT.

I HEAR the swell of time's dark sea,
Around the world roll restlessly ;
I hear the far off voices speak,
Each in their tones as waters break
On the sharp stones, or on the sands,
Smooth drifted on the silver strands.

Far, far across the sea I look,
With yearnings that I scarce can brook,
To leap upon the tide and go
Where smoother waters ebb and flow.

And where the voice is clear and full,
Nor dying in its accents dull,
That backward sends a wild refrain,
As of a distant heart in pain.

Oh sea! with broken rush and flow,
Where do your wasted waters go?
What pilot heads the mighty stern?
And where's the bourne, oh, where's the bourne?

Again, the swell comes rolling in,
Again, the yearnings wild begin
To leap upon the tide and go
Far, far from all the wrecks below.

A SONG.

You say my songs are all too sad,
And bid me merrier sing ;
You cannot have a merry song
From a bird with a broken wing.

You cannot have a happy face
With tears upon the cheek ;
For pain will ever have its voice,
The breaking heart must speak.

And plaintive sorrow ever makes
Sweet music's tone her own ;
The heart sings sweetest when it breaks
In anguish all alone.

The cold, hard steel must enter in
The poor heart's bleeding core ;
And then the life blood, and the song,
They both together pour.

IN VAIN.

I saw a meteor fill the sky
With a blazing light as it hurried by ;
I looked again, and the light was gone,
And I stood in the shadows of night alone.

I heard the shouts of wild acclaim
Ring on the air with a hero's name ;
I listened again, and the air was still ;
No echo awoke in the heart its thrill.

And I said, oh ! meteor lost in the night,
From whence did you come with your mystic light ;
And I said, oh man ! with your mighty spell,
In what far land, from what deep well

Did you draw the waters of your strange, sweet life,
Burning the soul, or calming its strife,
Grappling the heart and hushing its throb,
As a giant holds the child he would rob.

No light in the sky came backward to tell ;
No voice called back from the hidden well ;
And I stood in the night with a fierce despair,
With the light all gone from the darkened air.

With the magic voice and the wild acclaim,
Past and gone, as a broken dream ;
And I said, oh soul ! that is baffled in pain,
You will search the earth and the sky in vain.

'There is never a trace of the meteor's path,
And deeper than aught that this world hath,
Lies the fountain you seek and will never find,
Where the heavens give drink to the thirsting mind.

Where the mighty soul quaffs deep and strong,
And gathers strength for her life's great song,
Whose mystic echoes strange and sweet,
Reach where the earth and the heavens meet.

Then in the distance far, too far,
Beyond the reach of the boldest ear,
Die with an anguished sound of pain,
And we know we listen and search in vain.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Love is a gift of silver or gold ;
Love is a fire that will ne'er grow cold ;
Love to the eye and the feet is a light ;
Love to the heart is a fearful blight.

Love is a pearl of the rarest price ;
You may buy, and pay for it, once, twice, thrice ;
And then, poor heart, it may never be thine,
Though 'twill scatter thy hopes to the fickle wind.

THE LAST LOOK.

FRIENDS, look upon this pallid face,
And on the folded hands,
And on the gathered feet that lie
So still beneath their bands.

And tell me, oh ! I pray thee tell
If this is all of life,
That here the rushing sea must stop,
Forever cease its strife ?

That on the broken shore its waves
Along the sands must lie ;
A vapor that is spent and lost,
Beneath a burning sky.

Oh ! tell me friends, I pray thee tell,
If this were worth the pain,
This vapor floating from the land,
Nor ever seen again ?

This thing we cannot ever touch,
So filled with thought divine ;
How deeper does it rise or sink
Than plummets measured line ?

Oh friends ! I pray thee speak and tell,
What essence this may be,
That's fled from pallid face and hands,
As mist flies from the sea ?

Oh tell! oh tell! I pray thee tell!
If I shall ever find
My answer by the sounding sea,
Or on the rushing wind?

Lie still, lie still, ye pallid things,
Face, lips, and hands, and feet,
After your weary toiling,
I know your rest is sweet.

And eyes, beneath your drooping lids,
Ne'er lift your light again;
There are wild breakers on the shore,
And answering cries of pain.

Sleep, sleep, the labor all is o'er,
And fate has had her will,
She can do nought with thee pale shape,
That lies so calm and still.

As here I stand and gaze on thee,
I seem so plain to see,
A weary, weary traveler,
Drive on by land and sea.

Until, when he is worn and spent,
Along the burning way,
He finds an ever flowing well,
And pauses there to stay.

He drinks till heart and soul are full,
With water pure and sweet,
Then when the shadows fall away,
With rested hands and feet,

So gently into slumber falls,
As falls the shades around ;
Without a murmured dream aloud,
Without a word shaped sound.

DUTY.

HER face is fair, but sad withal,
There are so few who heed her call ;
There are so few who willing come,
To bear the heavy burden home.

I look at her through all the years,
And still her eyes are full of tears ;
Upon her lips the same sweet tone,
Pleads still to have the task all done.

And I to-night, I look with pain,
To see how oft she pleads in vain,
To feel that in the time to be,
She'll neither call nor plead with me.

BEAUTIFUL DAY.

BRIGHT beautiful day!
How, I wish you would stay
And be with me alway.

Your skies are so bright,
In their soft sunny light;
I forget the dark night.

So blue are your eyes,
I think their bright dyes,
Came from Heaven's fair skies.

Your breath is as sweet
As the breezes I meet,
On swift noiseless feet,

That come from the bowers;
From their fair laden flowers,
In the sweet morning hours.

Flying, flying, flying away,
As swiftly fair day,
Not a moment to stay,

As thou, with thy dreams,
And thy bright gleaming beams,
On fields and on streams.

Oh! lovely fair day,
Not a moment you stay,
To hear what I say.

To listen, to heed,
How I pray, how I plead;
Did you hear what I said?

I think with your breeze,
From the flowers and trees,
From the rose, and hearts-ease,

You are stealing their bloom ;
Their breath of perfume ;
You're sealing their doom.

Though short is your stay,
You've snatched them away,
With your breeze and your ray.

Too sudden you dart
Your rays in their heart ;
They quiver and start.

And soon they will droop,
Leaf by leaf they will drop,
Will die, when they droop.

O beautiful day !
Ere you came here to stay,
Where wast thou bright day?

Now where wilt thou go?
Where'll thy sweet breezes blow?
I crave so to know?

On what field or lake,
Will you make the day break,
For sweet mercy's sake :

And scatter the night,
With the soft dawning light
Of thy blue eyes so bright.

Oh! I feel in my heart,
You're stealing a part
Of the life in my heart.

Will you ever come back,
By your own viewless track,
With the treasures you take?

Will you bring to the rose,
On your breeze as it goes,
Whither, no one knows?

Will you bring back its bloom,
Its breath of perfume—
Will you unseal its doom?

And the whispering trees,
And the sweet hearts-ease,
Will you bring back to these,

Fair day, when you come,
Their beauty and bloom,
From the shadow and gloom?

And Oh! tell me, I pray,
Will you bring me, bright day,
With your soft dawning ray—

Will you bring back the part,
You stole from my heart,
As I saw you depart?

Alas!—you are gone !
In the dark you are gone !
In the dark you were born.

ONE MORE.

ONE more experience, bitter and hard,
Of the loves of the world,
And of their reward.

One more return, thankless and cold,
For a love that was true,
And tenderly told.

One more light, put out in the heart,
That might have grown brighter
When others depart.

One more jewel, lost from the breast,
That might have gleamed fairer
Than all of the rest.

One more hope, left there to die,
That might have been borne
In the heart, to the sky.

One more heart, dropped by the way,
That yet may be longed for,
When others betray.

TO HOPE.

OH Hope ! I thought your drooping wing
 Was broke—was broken, bird !
 I never thought again on earth,
 To hear your—whispered word.

I never thought that you and I,
 Across the desert waste,
 Would tread with bounding hasty feet,
 To reach some happy place.

I never thought that you and I,
 Upon the same fleet craft,
 Would sail again o'er life's broad sea,
 With fair winds, fore and aft.

I never thought, oh smiling Hope !
 That we would ever find
 Sweet Faith, still standing at the helm,
 To catch each favoring wind.

But now, I see your spreading wings,
 High—high above my head,
 Disdainful, spurning every ill,
 That now is—or has fled.

I hear your song as ever sweet,
 The words are in my ear;
 You promise Hope—you promise things
 I long have cherished dear.

And oh! I pray thee deal me fair,
Nor mocking fly from me,
To leave me on the desert waste—
With wrecked craft on the sea.

And Hope, sweet Hope—when all is o'er,
And my last sail is spread—
When all the wild and burning waste
My weary feet shall tread,

Then fly with me, Oh Hope! sweet Hope!
'Till I within the gate
Shall see it closed on every ill,
Of hapless, human fate.

HAPPINESS. (EARTHLY.)

A DREAM,—made up of wishes, hopes, of aspirations,
and intense desire, of giddy pleasures idle round of games
and sports.

Of fashion's cheap reward for virtue, bartered for her
gewgaws gay—

Of love's soft wooing, and his warm caress—

Of luxury's most soothing ease, and wealth's deceitful
promise of fulfilling all —

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

My ship is in the bay, love,
The sails are all unfurled ;
I start upon a voyage long,
On seas that swim the world.

And on their briny waters, love,
My ship will sailing be ;
And now I come to bid farewell,
A long farewell to thee.

I must kiss thee on thy brow, love,
And on thy sweet red lips ;
Thy brow, like foam upon the waves,
That wild in frolic leaps.

Nay, do not turn away thy face,
To hide the starting tear ;
It only makes me love thee more,
And wish to hold thee here.

Here—Here against my heart that loves,
Loves thee and thee alone ;
Oh say that you will love me still,
When long and far I'm gone.

And will you watch the sea at morn,
And wonder where I slept ;
And think upon this parting hour,
And how we both have wept.

And when the noon is blazing full,
Upon the burning sea ;
Will you look upon the bounding waves,
And send your thoughts to me.

And when the night grows dark as death,
And shuts the sea from view ;
You will think of me I know, my love,
As I will think of you.

And I will hear you say your prayers,
And see your claspéd hands ;
Though I may be full many a league,
From this, our native land.

And I will hear you pray for me,
With these sweet lips of thine ;
And brine will be within the sea,
And in these eyes of mine.

I'll never, never, doubt you ;
And you must never doubt,
Though all the world is dark within,
And all is dark without.

For I will sail around the world,
And come to thee once more ;
And you must come and meet me, love,
When my ship comes to the shore.

And now farewell—a long farewell,
My love is like this sea—
As deep, as wide,—it has no end,
Nor has my love for thee.

Now kiss me, love, with those sweet lips,
And I will kiss thy brow;
The ship is moving in the bay,
And I must leave thee now.

Farewell—Farewell, now watch the sea,
And I will watch the sky;
I know there's one, will guard thee well,
In that bright world on high.

WEARINESS.

WAILING wind come cease your moaning.
I am weary and would rest;
Tell me no more of your roaming
In the wild and stormy West!

For I am weary—I am weary,
And the sands are burdensome
That number out the hours all dreary
Of a day so wearisome.

Oh, the days that lie behind me;
Oh, the days that lie before;
Would that thou couldst bear them with thee,
Where I ne'er could see them more.

DREAMS.

How strange, and wild, and all unreal,
Are the events in our dreams;
How strangely, wildly, mystical,
They mingle life's extremes.

The days of the youth are fevered,
With restless longing vain,
To look in the years that lie ahead,
At their sum of joy or pain.

But waking eyes may never see,
What lies in the future's store,
Yet dreams are wild, and dreams are free,
To leap the years before.

And now they spread before his eyes,
In the visions of the night;
What in the hidden future lies,
Through many a long year's flight.

Ah! bright is the life the dream doth paint,
Too bright for the world I ween,
For it frees the heart from all restraint,
That is, or that hath been.

Within the slumbers of an hour,
Before the old man's eyes,
By some unseen mysterious power,
The dismal present flies,

And leaves instead the happy years,
That flew so quickly by,
When his youthful heart flung off its fears,
And saw with a hopeful eye.

Oh, who can tell how bright they seem,
Those happy days of yore;
When they live again in the old man's dream,
Who forgets they are no more.

They bring to the lonely widow,
Whose long, long days are sad,
The strong young form whose faithful vow,
Was kept through good and bad.

Alas! there is no tenderness,
In the widow's gloomy days;
But dreams of the night bring his caress,
And his love that ne'er decays.

They bring to the broken heartéd,
Who live in deep despair,
The joys, the hopes, that all have fled,
In place of the pangs that are.

They paint in the bankrupt's hovel,
A stately palace fair;
And not a whisper comes to tell,
'Tis founded on the air.

He sees how gorgeous splendors,
Clothe every hall and room;
And gay parterres and fairy bowers,
With brightest flowers bloom.

He hears the tread of his young wife's feet;
Her rustling silken robes;
Her voice as music low and sweet;
Her young heart's happy throbs.

Ah! the man so poor and lonely,
Hath forgotten he's poor and lone;
He forgets what doth in the church-yard lie—
What the grass hath overgrown.

He forgets how the stately palace,
Hath another master found—
How another wife its halls now grace—
How his own lies under the ground.

Oh blissful, blissful dreaming,
That hath power to chase away,
And from the suffering heart can fling,
The torments of the day.

A mother by the cradle sits,
And weeps to look within,
As the light of the pale moon gleams and flits,
O'er the place where the babe hath been.

But the weeping eyes grow heavy,
And the weary heart beats slow,
For sleep hath brought tranquility,
That only sleep can know.

And now again, the babe doth lie
On its little couch of down;
While the mother sings her lullaby
In low and mellow tone.

Oh, the baby dreams, within her dream,
Of angels drawing nigh,
And o'er its face the silver gleam
Falls, as they pass it by.

And then the child awakes, and lo!
No more the mother sings—
Why the angels came, she well doth know—
For the baby too hath wings.

She reaches out her hand to grasp
The little form, so dear—
Upon the empty air they clasp—
Her darling is not there.

The dream is past, but never more,
Can the sorrowing heart forget,
How the child away the angels bore—
How it lives with the angels yet.

A little orphan, lone and cold,
Falls, shivering, asleep;
No loving arms the child enfold—
Nor watch o'er her slumbers keep.

But now the cold from the child is gone,
A dream brings a summer sky,
And spreads it o'er the orphan lone,
Where she in the dark doth lie.

No more alone is the orphan left,
To shiver and moan and weep—
No more is the little heart bereft,
In the visions of her sleep.

In a garden decked with flowers bright,
Of every hue and shade;
She stands once more in wild delight,
Where long ago she played.

And there, amid the clustering vines,
Glance her mother's hands as white,
As the roses on the branch she twines,
O'erburdened with their weight.

Her robes are soft, and light, and gay—
Her gentle face is fair—
And in her eyes love's brightest ray
Hath made its dwelling there.

Oh, lovely is the garden spread,
Beneath the deep blue sky;—
Bet rarer beauties crown the head,
'Mid the roses hanging high.

Oh, bright and happy is the day,
The child sees in her dream—
Should evil ways that heart betray,
Far brighter still 'twill seem.

A poor old mother, blind and deaf,
Sits nodding by the fire;
Her form is like the withered leaf,
Crisped by the winter's ire.

But underneath the drooping lid,
A strange review comes by,
Of all the long past years have hid,—
The years, how quick they fly!

For sitting thus, she has lived again—
 Within a winter's morn—
Through many a joy, and many a pain,
 The long, long years have borne.

She romps, a child, on the smooth green lawn,
 With limbs so light and free;—
She sees once more the morning dawn,
 On girlhood's liberty.

And yet a brighter day doth beam—
 The fairest day of all—
That comes in the long and checkered dream,
 A merry festival.

Oh, the bridal eve! The bridal eve!—
 How the poor old heart doth beat;—
How the withered breast doth fall and heave,
 In her dream, this day to meet.

The day is borne by a breath away,—
 Another comes instead,
That's filled with merry sounds of play,
 And children's happy tread.

The merry group comes trooping by;
 She counts them as they pass;—
Why start the tears to the dimmed eye?
 Why sudden pales the face?

Oh, the noblest heart, the fairest form,
 No more is numbered there;
She feels that life hath lost its charm—
 Slow falls the burning tear.

Again, and again, the group comes by;—
Again she counts them o'er;—
Again the tears fall from her eye,
For the one she counts no more.

And now the old wife wakes to see,
She sits in the world alone;
No bridegroom's love, no children's glee,—
They all—they all—are gone!

Within a prison's gloomy walls,
A sad, pale captive dreams;—
He stands once more in his father's halls,
With youth's unfettered limbs.

The tender mother's loving hands,
Are nestling in his hair;
And all around the captive stands,
The forms that are so dear.

His stately father, grave but mild,
Looks proudly on his son;
And now the gentlest, fairest child,
That e'er the sun shone on—

Hath wrapt her arms about his neck—
Her arms so soft and white—
She kisses now his pallid cheek,
With red lips, cherry bright.

A sudden noise—a breath of wind,
That comes through the prison bar,
Hath loosed the little arms that bind
Such rapturous pleasures there.

Hath borne the dream, away, away,
Beyond the captive's reach,
And left instead a gloomy day,
By the sullen ocean's beach.

Bright dreams; they are the gift of God—
And come to all alike,
Who on this weary earth have trod,
The dull day's care to break.

There is a gaudy, glaring room,
Within the city's walls,
Where no pure heart may ever come—
No voice of virtue calls.

Oh, would to God that no such place
Within the world were found;—
Oh, would to God, this deep disgrace
No heart had settled round.

Oh God! my God, forgive the heart
That wicked hearts betray;
It is a cruel, cruel part,
To lead the young astray.

I dare not ask Thee to forgive
The loathsome tempter vile;
I cannot see how such can live
Beneath a Saviour's smile.

But oh! how boundless is Thy love,
And Thy forgivings vast—
They can the darkest stains remove
That life hath overcast.

From loathsome, loathsome, haunts like these,
All friends of earth have turned;
None e'er come here, to speak of peace,
By all the world they're spurned.

But God will never leave one soul,
Without a warning voice;
And sometimes dreams long years unroll,
To plead for better choice.

A pale, gaunt woman sleeps within
This gaudy, glaring room;
Her hours are numbered all by sin,
Since first she left her home.

Her home—she dares not think upon,
That blessed home of love,
Since all the world hath cast a stone,
Her loathsome guilt to prove.

But ah! her dreams are merciful—
No whisper comes to tell,
How her cup with sin is brimming full—
How her steps take hold on Hell.

Beside a little moonlit stream,
The maiden stands once more;
She hears the rippling in her dream,
As it runs the pebbles o'er.

And sweeter, sweeter music far,
Falls on the sleeper's ear,
Than voice of murmuring streamlets are,
When listening love doth hear.

Beside the maiden stands a youth,
Of noble mien and name,
And stamped upon his face is truth—
So doth the maiden deem.

But love, alas! hath blinded eyes,
And ears that will not heed;
Hope paints the picture with her eyes;
The picture's fair indeed :

The little stream flows gently through
The cottage garden neat,
Where nestling flowers sleep in dew,
And winds bear odors sweet.

The cottage sits beneath the shade
Of stately branching trees,
And the green grass hath a carpet made,
Where shadow from the moonbeam flees.

The cottage door is open wide—
The moon shines brightly in—
While round and round the soft winds glide,
And creep the door within.

The maiden comes with a light, light step,
And lightsome loving heart,
With a happy smile upon her lips,
That knows no guile nor art.

She bears within her bosom pure,
Her lover's plighted vows,—
The vows are true, she is full sure,
No doubt her heart allows.

She stands a moment on the step,
And turns to look once more,
Where distant shadows round him creep,
Then walks within the door.

She passes on to where the light
Shuts out the pure moon's rays—
Oh, to the dreamer's eyes how bright,
The scene she now surveys.

Her father's form is bowed by age—
By weary weight of years—
And round his head a silver crown,
Like halo bright appears.

And the dear old mother resting,
From the burden of the day;
Repeats to her heart how Israel's King
Points out the better way.

The Book is open on her knees—
Her eyes see dimly now—
But oh, what faith and what sweet peace,
Are stamped upon that brow.

Her fair and gentle sister leans,
By the window, open wide,
And peers through the shade that intervenes,
The moon's bright face to hide.

About the room lies holy spell,
Of purity and love—
Of peaceful lives, that were spent well—
Of promise from above.

The spell falls on the maiden's heart,
And checks its rapid beat;
E'en thoughts of her lover now depart,
From their enshrined seat.

She walks to where her sister stands,
With sweet face lily pale,
And eyes bent on the radiant bands,
Whose mysteries lie unveiled.

She kisses her pale cheek tenderly,
And winds her arms around
The little form so slenderly,
To aught of earth e'er bound.

And then, with clasped hands they kneel—
With heads bent meekly down—
Ask for the old man's blessed seal
The joys of the day to crown.

The hand falls on the sleeper's head,—
But ah! no blessings come;—
'Twas but a dream—and now 'tis fled;
Her pure heart, and her home.

Up springs the woman, pale and gaunt,
And wildly laughs aloud,
At horrid thoughts of sin, that haunt,
And round her waking crowd.

Poor blighted soul! she thinks the dream
Is still the living life;
And the long years of sin, they seem
With dreaming wildness rife.

Poor blighted soul ! how fearful
To wake from dreams like these ;—
She seeks the mad'ning cup to lull,
And give a moment's ease.

OH ! SIGH NOT.

Oh ! sigh not for the poet's heart,
It is too sad a thing—
From all life's fairest hopes you part,
Ere you with him can sing.

Oh ! sigh not for the poet's thoughts ;
Though bright, they are too strange—
They fly too far away from earth,
Too far, from its pleasures range.

Oh ! sigh not for the poet's eyes—
They, look too far away.
Beyond the spheres, beyond the skies,
In God's eternal day !

Oh ! sigh not for the poet's mind ;
'Tis vexed with many a care ;
Strange things his wandering thoughts bring home ;
Too much they madly dare.

Oh ! sigh not for the poet's wreath :
Its dew is all of tears—
And fickle fancy binds it on,
With many doubts and fears.

THE DAWN AND THE DAY.

ALONG the dim horizon,
I see the wakening dawn—
She lifts her sleepy eyelids,
And peeps upon the morn.

Then bright and rosy blushing,
She wakens wide and clear;
And scatters light and beauty,
On all things far and near.

Upon the drowsy hilltops,
Upon the valleys low,
Where rests the herds in safety,
She creeps on light tiptoe.

And laughing, merry laughing—
She wakens all she sees;
The flocks and herds still sleeping—
And the sweet birds in the trees.

And then such trills of music—
Such lowing with the kine,
And tender bleat of lambkins,
Blend with the bright sunshine,

As wakens from their slumber,
The farmer and his wife,
In haste, to catch the morning hours,
And fresh renew the strife.

The strife with fate, so grasping hard,
And grudging to the poor;
While still she piles his treasures,
And heaps the rich man's store.

And from their rosy slumbers,
The little children bound,
All heedless of the strife and care
That yet's, so surely, found—

All heedless of the worry,
And of the poor man's toil;
Of life's wild mad confusion,
Its bustle and turmoil.

God bless the little children,
With hearts so fresh and pure;
They will need Thy love and blessing
For all they must endure.

A thousand dawning mornings
They may live to count and see;
Oh, would that they could ever keep
As close and near to Thee,

As in this double dawning
Of life and day to them;
The Father's love is ever sure,
Would theirs could be for Him.

And now the morn advances,
Stands full upon the earth;
Clad with his shield and armor,
And blazing, glittering girth.

To-day—To-day—we call him,
And mighty are his powers!
Oh! many will fall before him,
As proud and strong he towers.

High—High above the things that were,
And dreams of yet to be;
He walks apace upon the land,
And rides upon the sea.

High! High, he strides above them all,
Like mighty conquering foe;
They fall all prostrate to the ground,
Wherever he may go.

To-day—O mighty conqueror!
Have pity on our hearts!
Their hopes, their loves, and fleeting hours,
That all so soon depart.

Pass on—Pass on—Oh conqueror!
And leave us what we love;
The glass that holds our sands of life,
So frail—Oh, do not move!

Pass on—thy crown is high enough!
Thy trophies piled full high;
Why shouldst thou snatch the things we love,
But just to see them die.

Walk on apace upon the earth,
And ride upon the sea—
To-morrow, on the threshold stands,
And waits To-day, on thee.

GOLD.

GOLD, Gold, gleaming gold—
Over how many fair, bright hopes have you rolled?
Over how much love, that was tender and sweet?
Over how many torn and bleeding feet?

Gold, Gold, gleaming gold—
How many hearts have you bought and sold?
How many hearts have you lost and found?
How many hearts have you crushed and bound?

Gold, Gold, gleaming gold—
What mountain will lie, like your weight on the soul?
What flood of lava will bury so deep
As the soul you hold in your baneful keep?

Gold, Gold, gleaming gold—
You glitter like the eyes of the serpent bold;
You clasp and hold in your deathly coil,
With the grasp of a demon, that seeks to spoil.

Gold, Gold, gleaming gold—
Unloose your hold from my struggling soul—
Unloose your clasp on my heart so tight!
Your hold has the clutch of a giant's might.

Gold, Gold, gleaming gold—
You are choking my voice with your fearful hold—
You are blinding my eyes with your baneful light!
And I cannot see if my way be right.

Gold, Gold, gleaming gold—
How many hearts have you bought and sold?
How many hearts have you lost and found?
How many hearts have you crushed and bound?

Gold, Gold, gleaming gold—
What has become of the hearts you sold?
What has become of the hearts you lost?
How can you reckon their fearful cost?

THE RAIN.

DROP by drop the rain is falling,
And to every leaflet calling,
Ope thy cells and drink thy fill,
Drop by drop I'm falling still.

Drop by drop the rain's descending
Every little leaflet bending
With its jewel drop as clear
As the glittering diamond dear.

Every rose and poppy gay
Is adorned with gems to-day.
Every violet's eye so blue
Has a tear within it too.

All the fields, and all the hills,
All the murmuring little rills,
Are rejoicing, laughing, leaping—
Every bending willow weeping.

For the rain so gently dripping,
From the clouds above us meeting,
And their treasures as they go,
Scattering on the fields below.

Blesséd rain ! we think so little—
Busy with our hopes so brittle,
Of the treasures that you bring,
While the silver spray you fling,

Over all the land and sea;
Over lake and over lea;
But for thee our hopes so brittle,
Growing less and less by little,

Soon they all would fall away,
And then leave us with the day
Burning, parching, thirsting, dire
Like the lurid fever's fire.

THE LITTLE BIRD'S ANSWER.

LITTLE bird, sing, I pray,
All this balmy bright spring day,
Sit thou on that blooming spray,
And sing thy wildest, happiest lay.

Thy sweet voice will comfort me,
And I perchance will happy be,
Drinking in thy melody,
Forget what was, or yet may be.

Thou hast forgot the winter's cold;
Thy blithe heart will ne'er grow old;
Nor sadder mem'ries will it hold,
Than such as youthful heart enfold.

Oh, little bird, teach me the art,
To bear a gay and happy heart,
Nor look no more when ills depart
On what my dearest hopes did thwart.

“My life is short, but long enough—
My fare, you'd think, was very rough—
My bed is made of common stuff,
That would thy dainty taste rebuff.

“No fashion ever trims my dress,
'Tis never more, and never less;
Nor wears it half the comeliness,
That plumes of other birds possess.

“But then they have no voice like mine,
They would not cheer a heart like thine,
And I would rather far not shine,
Without my song, in feathers fine.

“I have no strength, you well may see,
But little wings can swiftly flee
Beyond the reach of injury,
And win from strength the victory.

“I have no wisdom,—that is true;
And yet I know what's best to do,—
I know full well, as well as you,
To whom all love and honor's due.

“Why should I, when the spring is warm,
Sit brooding o'er the winter's storm,
That can no longer bring me harm,
Nor any future ill disarm.

“The spring! the spring! a merry day,
My heart is full of extasy,
The summer fruits before me lay—
The winter will not stay away.”

Oh, little bird, so sweet you sing,
So gaily tell, what once did wring,
Thy little heart, thou lightsome thing,
I would I were a bird in spring.

THE POOR.

OH, ye poor, ye weary footed,
Horny handed sons of toil;
Who will heed your call for pity,
'Mid this wild confused turmoil?

Who will care to answer—hearing?
Who your lowly cause will plead?
Who will come from stately palace
Ministering your bitter need?

Few, ah few there be, and seldom,
Will their footsteps in your door,
Pass, as passed the loving Master,
In the blessed days of yore.

But ye must be patient, laborers,
Toiling day by day for bread;
Worn and weary, you must lay you
Down at night upon your bed.

And ere day is softly stealing,
Lest it waken you too soon,
You must fly away from slumber
To the task that must be done.

Day by day, the round so weary
Fortune's wheel will turn for you;
And ye must be patient,—laborers—
Never questioning your due.

For ye must be always with us—
Always, with your bitter need—
With your hungry, and your naked,
Still for you to clothe and feed.

You must never stop to listen
To the voice of pleasure sweet,
Never let your footsteps wander
Where the gay and happy meet.

To the music, and the dancing,
In the stately crowded hall,—
You must neither look, nor listen,
While the sick at home may call.

When they spread the feast before you,
You must turn away your eyes;
There is naught but homely faring,
For the poor, beneath the skies—

Oh, be patient, patient, laborers—
'Till your weary task is done;
'Till the warp and woof you're weaving,
Thread by thread, with care is spun.

Then the garments ye have woven
For the marriage supper fair,
Will be washed and whiten'd, glistening—
Recompense for all your care—

And ye must not vex, nor worry—
Though the day seem dull and drear;
And the task be long and heavy,
While no helping hand is near.

There is hope for those who labor—
For the weary there is rest—
There is cease for all this troubling,
Healing for the wounded breast.

There are garments for your naked,
Food for all your hungry poor—
Mansions where no want nor sorrow,
Yet shall enter in the door.

Oh, ye poor ! ye horny handed !
Weary footed sons of toil—
You will cry no more for rescue
'Mid the vain and wild turmoil.

For the old things, all are vanished;
And the new things all are fair;
And your bitter wrongs, all righted,
Are forgot—forgotten there.

So, if you should, backward looking,
Recollect your long despair,
You will wonder at your doubting,
Wonder at your bitter tear.

THE WRECK.

A SICK man lay on his couch of pain,
And his face was marked with death;
He struggled and writhed, as again and again,
He drew his now fast fleeting breath.

His brow it was wet, with cold death sweat;
And his restless eyes they were wild,
As he strove to stand once more on his feet,
With naught but the strength of a child.

And he clenched his hands, he tossed his arms,
When the fever's fire was high—
Then he trembled and shrank, as with dread alarm
He saw frightful phantoms nigh.

He lay in a hovel, by the rough sea side,
Where many a wild wreck was dashed,
As the ships came home from the ocean wide
And by wave on wave was lashed,
As they plunged and warred in their furious might,
As they dash, and plunge, and roar,
Through many an hour of black midnight,
Still dash, on that wreck-marked shore.

And the dying man, as he lay on his bed,
Looked out on the sea and the wreck,
'Till his wild eyes seemed to start from his head,
As he sees his frail bark, but a speck—

Ride high, on the waves that mount to the sky,
Then sink deep in the chasm below.
Ah! 'tis but a vision of his dying eye;
And quick as it came, it will go.

Then he writhes again, with his dying pain,
And his mind wanders off from the sea,
Afar—far off—from the surging main,
Where the fields lie peacefully.

“What is it, dear mother, what is it you said?
You have told me so often before,
As you laid your soft hand with love on my head,
Of the ships that lie wrecked on the shore.

“Be quiet, dear mother, I have come back to stay,
And walk in the fields by your side.
Alas! I am dreaming—she has long passed away—
Who told me my mother had died?

“I thought I was back in my home once more,
Where the ships and the seas never come,
I am dreaming, and dreaming, the same things o'er,
I am ever going back to my home.”
Then he closes his eyes, and the tears roll out,
And lie on his pale wasted cheek;
There are wrecks, wild wrecks—on the sea there without,
In the hovel, oh! what a sad wreck.

“Come here, little Katie, come close to my side,
Let me look once more in your eyes,
You promised one day to be my sweet bride;
With tears, with smiles, and with sighs—

With tears because I was leaving you dear,
And you smiled when I swore to come back;
Then you sighed when you thought with sorrow and fear
Of the sea so angry and black.

“Look here, sweet Katie! I have come back again,
I have brought you fair gems from the sea—
Don’t leave me to suffer this anguish and pain,
I have come back my darling for thee—
Am I dreaming—still dreaming—are ye all fled and gone
Dear mother—sweet Katie, my bride;
I thought not to die by the sea all alone,
I thought you would be by my side.”

And lower, and lower, the sad murmurs come,
And slower, and slower, his breath—
Still ever he dreams and talks of his home,
While nearer, and nearer, comes death.

At last it is over—the wild storm has ceased,
There are wrecks on the steep rocky coast;
There’s a wreck in the hovel where the soul is released;
Where the bark, it lies shattered—and the soul, is it
lost?

THE WATER OF LIFE.

Give me water, I would drink—
 Till my heart and spirit's full,
 Not the poisoned bitter draught;
 Give me water pure and cool.

Water from the springs of life;
 Flowing, sparkling, bright and clear,
 I can see them flowing bright;
 I can hear them rippling near.

And I thirst! I thirst! I thirst!
 All my soul is one desire,
 For these waters sweet and cool,
 As a wretch engulfed by fire.

Eyes, and lips, and heart, and soul,
 Watch the fountain rising high,
 While the fever fire of thirst—
 Fixes there my burning eye.

Sweet cool waters, drop by drop,
 Ye are falling in my heart;
 But I long for deeper draught,
 And the joy it will impart.

Oh blest spirit, let me drink!
 I am weary, sick, and faint—
 There is mercy in your face,
 Like the mercy of a saint.

Hear me, oh blest spirit, hear!
For life's water how I cry—
How I watch the fountain flow!
Give me water or I die!

THE GRAVE.

How narrow and how dark it is—
This little chamber lone;
How very quiet I must lie—
Nor move nor make a moan.

Nay, nay I must not even sigh—
I must not breathe a breath—
Or else they will not let me lie
All quiet here in death.

For some this quiet home is sweet—
For some 'tis very drear—
They do not like to lie so still,
And not a whisper hear.

But when the heart is worn and weak,
And hands and feet are tired,
And the poor anxious heart is burned
By dread despairing fired.

I think it must be very well
To stop and rest and sleep;
It matters not how close the room,
How narrow or how deep.

THE GEMS OF THE HEART.

There are gems in the heart, far brighter I ween,
Than any e'er brought from the mine;
More precious than gems lying deep in the sea,
And brighter their lustre doth shine.

There is truth that shines brightest and purest of all,
Like the diamond, as clear, and as bright,
And as hard 'neath the blows of falsehood it proves,
Though he strikes with his strength and his might.

And then there is Faith, like the opal it shines,
With a light all hidden within,
And sometimes, as bright as the diamond it gleams,
Then we look for its lustre in vain.

And there by its side, like a ruby, love glows—
Like a lamp, or like fire in the heart;
And foremost it comes to stand by the truth;
Alas, that they ever should part.

And look! there is Hope, like the sapphire we say,
Ah! see how it gleams in the dark,
'Tis the charm that is best for the heart to enfold,
When out on life's sea we embark.

And sweet, gentle Charity, loving them all,
And seeking to bind them all there,
Hath made of herself and of peace a bright chain,
Like the pure gold of Ophir as fair.

And now she hath brought and bound them all round,
 This radiant pearl of great price;
 So that none may ensnare the heart where it dwells,
 And none may entice it to vice.

I WISH I WAS ER WHITE MAN.

I wish I was er white man,
 And had er white man's skin,
 And had er white man's money puss,
 And all de money in.

I wish I was er white man,
 And had his watch and chain,
 Den wouldn't dis little nig be proud
 And make his mammy vain.

Lord! I wish was er white man—
 A white man fru and fru;
 His fine clothes and his money;
 And no mo' work to do.

Oh! I wish I was er white man—
 And can't I turn to be?
 Now look at hands, and face, and feet—
 And see what me can see.

Well, I know I's got er white man's eyes—
 I sees dem rollin' round
 In dis here little piece of glass
 Dat Ebenezer found.

THE GRASS.

BRIGHT, beautiful grass,
As musing I pass,
And look on thee here,
By my pathway so near,
With thy long waving flow,
And soft music so low,
That the winds make among
Thy blades all along.

As they wander and tell,
To the hill and the dell,
Of where they have been,
And what they have seen;
I think and I wonder,
On thy charms as I ponder,
How strange it may be,
That no Poet, of thee,
Has e'er thought to say
In his musical lay,

That there's nothing on earth,
That has e'er had birth—
More lovely I ween
Than the long grass so green,
That grew where my childhood,
By lawn, and by wildwood,
Found nothing but fun,
When the tasks were all done;

And I bounced and rolled,
And halloo'd and called;
While echo brought back
By her own mystic track
Each sound and each word,
As I lay on the sward,
And laughed in her face,
That such a scapegrace
Could make her call over—
Nor ever discover,
Whence the saucy words came,
Nor what was my name.

But now—oh, alas!—
Long beautiful grass,
My tasks are too long—
Too heavy—too strong—
For me to lay down,
'Till finished and done.
And then, the dark night
Hath stolen the light—
That nestled and hid,
Thy long blades amid.

And left nought but the song,
The wind murmurs along,
As it comes from the hill,
And over the rill,
And whispers to thee,
What it heard, and did see—
As it came by the way
Where the young lovers stray,
And plights their true vows,

It tells thee it knows,
How it ever has been,
And will still be again—
That the vows it will bear,
On its wings—though they tear
The life from her heart,
With her treasures to part.
And it bids thee be ready—
All stout and all steady
To wave o'er grave.

For no power can save
The heart that is broken,
And robbed of its token
The true lover gave;
And so thou must wave
In the spring, o'er her grave—
Weeping, must wave.

Long, beautiful grass!
I think, as I pass,
How tender and close
Thou wilt shield her repose;
How many a bright gem
You will bring there to gleam,
On her breast and her head,
When the long night has fled,
And the sun with his light
Makes them all diamond bright.

And then the low wind—
Again it will find
Where your long blades wave;
And will sigh o'er her grave,

And will help thee to sing,
"For its harp it will bring,"
A requiem so sad,
And will tell what he said,
When he stood by her bier,
Of his anguish and tears.

And now, I can hear,
As I bend down my ear,
The wind and the grass;
I can hear them—alas!—
As they whisper, "too late—
Sad, sad, was her fate!"

Long, beautiful grass!
I pray, as I pass,
Wrap close and lie near
Our loved one's bier.
Thou wilt find many a tear,
For thy long blades to wear,
Thou wilt hear many a sigh
From hearts, bursting, nigh;
Wilt hear many a groan
As the low winds moan;
And linger around,
Where they sleep in the ground.

Keep fresh the fair flowers,
We bring from their bowers
They loved once so dear;
But may never come near.

Long, beautiful grass!
I pray, as I pass,

That you never may die
On the bed where they lie;
But wrap them so close,
In their long, long repose,
That our hearts may not see,
How barren it be,
This home of the dead—
This grave that we dread.

SLUMBER.

How sweet it is to slumber !
To slumber and forget,
All the heavy cares that press us,
All the little cares that fret.

How sweet it is to slumber !
Nor yet remember more,
All the strife, and all the labor,
That are grinding on the shore.

How sweet to feel we're floating,
So gently from them all—
From the selfish, peevish, callings—
And, alas!—from duty's call.

That we are floating—gently floating,
To the fairy land of dreams;
With the eyes so softly curtained,
From the day's awak'ning beams,

How sweet it is to slumber—
Oh! to slumber and to rest!
With the busy hands enfolded,
And the hushed heart in the breast.

How sweet it is to slumber,
Nor ever once forget—
There is One who never slumbers
Nor sleepeth to forget,

All the heavy cares that press us,
All the weary little cares,
That are wasting every pleasure,
And are blighting unawares.

Will it still be sweeter—sweeter—
When all the fret is o'er,
To be slumbering—slumbering—slumbering—
Nor on earth to waken more.

FIRE.

FIRE, oh fire—you are lovely I think,
As the saps of the fuel, you leap up to drink;
As your bright red coals, lie hot in their bed,
And gleam through the ashes, so dull and so dead.

Once they were bright and red as the coals,
Over which the red flame now flickers and rolls,
But now, like a heart and form that is dead,
All useless, and worthless, they lie in their bed.

When the winds rush down in their might from the north,
And the hail and the snow are all pouring forth,
No fancy can picture a lovelier sight,
Than thy flame on the hearthstone glowing and bright.

When the loving and true are gathered around,
While the hail, and the snow, lie deep on the ground,
There is beauty and warmth in thy bright cheering blaze,
That the heart may yet sigh for, e'en in fair summer days.

May sigh for that circle so loving and true,
That may be, like thy ashes, bright fire with you;
All broken and scattered, forgotten and gone,
Save by the heart that looks back to mourn.

As a friend, you come to us, in the winter so cold,
When the wild winds are raging, when the frost is so bold,
And grasps at our treasures, and scatters them all,
Our toil and our hopes, that before them must fall.

But when you are loosed from your bonds in the night,
And leap o'er the homestead so happy and bright,
And a heap of dull ashes, is all that is left
Of a home, that was lovely, to poor hearts bereft.

How dire is your beauty—how foul is your breath!
We shun you, and hate you, as the living hate death,
We fly from your anger, we shriek in our fear,
But the demon of fire heeds no shriek and no tear.

Men say 'tis a fire that burns up the heart.
That burns up the mind when the furies up start,
And fill it with demons, all raging and wild;
Where sweet gentle thoughts once lingered and smiled.

They say 'tis a fire, that eats in the soul,
Where the fierce flames of torture and vengeance now roll,
Where the madman drinks deep of the death poisoned bowl,
And the serpents and demons of hell come to prowl.

And now while they thirst, and now while they drink,
They are seeing them coil, as they stand on the brink;
They hiss in their ears. wherever they go,
And show them the tortures awaiting below.

Oh fire! dread fire, if we could, could but know—
That we never could meet thee, or see thee below,
With thy demons and serpents in deep flames to hiss,
How the heart would leap forward to death's promise of bliss.

THE OLD HEART'S SONG OF MAY.

Oh! May, with budding blossoms fair,
And mirthful birds and bees;
And crimson hearted berries ripe,
And odorous scented breeze.

You mind me of the happy days,
When I was fair and young;
As mirthful as the merriest bird,
As gayly then I sung,

I quaffed the odors on the wind,
Abroad in all the fields;
I gathered berries red and ripe,
Then sought the leafy shields.

Where sheltered from the sun I watched,
Each flitting cloudlet fly,
With Eden on the earth beneath,
And Heaven above the sky.

Oh May! sweet May—you flew away,
As swift as cloudlet flew—
You vanished from before my face,
As from the flower the dew.

You left no fruit in all your fields,
No breath upon the wind—
No blossom by your running streams,
That I can ever find.

But now when you have come again,
And brought for other hearts,
The fair sweet things you brought for me,
Ere yet you did depart.

I watch you gentle hearted May,
With all your treasures vast;
I joy that you have come for them,
Though by me your steps are past.

I look, as withered woman looks,
Upon the fair young bride,
While noble bridegroom brave and tall,
Stands loving by her side.

I look, as looks a thirsting wretch,
When briny oceans roll—
With death approaching wave by wave,
To whelm his burning soul.

But burst your blossoms into bloom,
And sing your sweetest songs;
And ripen all your berries red,
That to your fields belong.

And breathe your odors fresh and sweet,
How sweet I know full well;
Soft whispers seem to come with them,
That I would fain not tell.

Oh May—mine eyes are full of tears,
My heart is full of pain—
I watch you, as the shipwrecked watch,
Far out across the main.

A ship with sails all gayly spread,
And happy bounding flight,
Despite his cries, his piteous prayers,
It passes out of sight.

I watch you as that dying wretch,
With eyes turned to the sun,
Scarce feels its burning heat and light;
But feels his days are done.

THE FROST.

How white the frost work glitters,
Upon the plain and hill;
It is very, very lovely,
But I shrink back from its chill.

For it is like a bright fair face
Adorned with loving smiles,
But underneath, the dark cold heart
Works out its wicked wiles.

Oh, it is like the chill of death,
That creeps in some dark hour,
And snaps the sweet toned chords of life,
With unrelenting power.

And then, 'tis like the fearful shroud—
So fearful to our sight;
Though it only speaks of purity,
All spotless, dazzling white.

We touch its fold, it seems as cold,
As the form it wraps around ;
The form so loved, that now must lie—
So deep beneath the ground.

And yet, like death its mission here,
Must be at last for good ;
Though not by eye, and not by heart,
Can this be understood.

Like death, the frost, brings sudden pause,
In nature's busy round.
The lovely things of yesterday,
Now rot upon the ground.

And then, like death, thy work, oh frost !
Here, in the earth—must cease ;
There's nothing dead, and nothing cold,
In the land of life and peace.

No hollow smiles—no wicked wiles ;
No broken golden bowl ;
No pitcher at the fountain left ;
No famished fainting soul.

I CARE NOT.

I CARE not how I strike the chords,
 Of this strange harp of mine,
 Its tones will fly away from earth,
 And ring with notes divine.

I care not how my thoughts may flow,
 Nor where may fly my heart,
 Away from heart, and thoughts of earth,
 Its strange, wild strains, depart.

I care not if I weep and sigh,
 O'er friends and follies here ;
 I cannot bind its spirit down,
 By any love, or fear.

But while I weep, and while I smile,
 And while I fear and doubt ;
 The trembling chords have freed the sounds,
 And they have fled without.

Afar, away from tears and smiles ;
 Away from doubts and fears ;
 From nerveless hands and trembling chords,
 And all that holds them here.

And past the stars, and past the sun,
 And past the pearly gates—
 Along the golden streets they fly,
 And there my soul awaits.

HOME.

A LONELY spirit naméd thee,
The sweetest spot on earth,
When he wandered far and lonely,
From the land that gave him birth.

And across the ocean rolling,
With all its stormy waves,
His heart turned to his childhood;
To its memories and its graves.

Once more, the lights were burning,
In chamber, and in hall;
And across the double distance,
He could hear his mother call.

He could see his aged father,
In the evening of his life;
Sit, in the quiet corner,
Apart, from all the strife.

Apart, from all the hurrying,
From the losses, and the gain,
That once filled his heart with fever,
And fired his restless brain.

But now, in this quiet evening,
The old man sitteth still,
And with folded hands awaiteth,
To know the Master's will.

He sees the group of children,
In their noisy kingdom near,
Pass through each game remembered,
And each separate voice can hear.

Though they all long since are scattered,
Afar below the earth,
With not one, left to keep it,
That sacred place of birth.

But in this far off country,
To the lonely, lonely, heart,
The inmates, and the dwelling,
They seem of heaven a part.

And with his eyes o'erflowing,
And his heart with memories filled,
He wrote that song, whose music,
All lands and ages thrill,

Until the mounts and valleys,
The seas and oceans wide,
Are as one, in that sweet music,
Whatever else divide.

They echo morn and evening,
And in the pause of noon,
The sweet words, and the music,
That in that heart were born.

And each one seeth plainly,
The picture that he saw;
And hears the loving voice,
With weeping and with awe.

For we know the home is vacant,
Of forms that we have loved,
Through its echoing halls, and chambers,
The stranger long has moved.

But the home we loved in childhood,
When the heart was young and pure ;
Is a picture in the memory,
That forever shall endure.

And the heart with yearning, yearning,
Will forever turn to see
That fairest, brightest, picture,
That on earth can ever be.

And like that heart, so lonely,
It will learn to blend as one;
The dear home of his childhood,
And the home where they have gone,

Until the light of heaven,
On the earthly picture lies,
So fair, it seems belonging,
Less to the earth than skies.

WAR.

Oh horrid shape! fell blighter of the human race;
With gory hands and blackened face,
And voice of bellowing curses loud,
And ghastly eyes, but fierce and proud.

Thy steps are like the steps of rage,
Like thirsting beast in iron cage,
Quenched by the warm blood coursing full,
That soon shall clotted lie and dull.

Men shudder at thy form and think,
It stands upon the utmost brink,
Where the dark sea engulfing rolls,
To part frail bodies from their souls.

Men shudder at thy grasp and say—
“We tread upon an evil way,
Where the fierce clutch of gory hands,
With heart’s blood, crimsons all the sands.”

They strike, they shriek, they fall, they die!
A heap of rotted flesh they lie,
To feed the carrion birds of prey,
And hungering beasts by night and day.

And when this sickening scene is o’er,
You cruel tramp to every door,
To gaze on broken-hearted wives,
And orphans dragging out their lives.

In poverty and deep despair,
In homes that once was bright and fair,
With comfort and the light of love,
Where now grim want and anguish move.

Oh horrid shape! tramp on, tramp on,
And leave this smiling land alone;
Leave lover to the maiden fair,
And husband to the wife so dear.

Leave father to the tender child,
For strange the day, the pathway wild,
Where little feet must weary tread,
And dark storms hang above his head.

Tramp on, tramp on, oh horrid form!
For in thy hand man's but a worm,
That writhes one moment and is gone,
With shriek, and prayer, and dying groan.

I pray mine eyes may never see,
Dread ruin walk the land with thee;
I pray mine ears may never hear,
Thy voice that strikes the earth with fear.

YESTERDAY.

YESTERDAY—dear yesterday,
Though thou has passed away,
I still can see thee lingering,
As though you wished to stay.

Just there outside my door,
I see thy fair sweet face;
There are tears upon thy eyelids,
And tender loving grace.

While thou wert still among us,
We saw not half how fair,
Was that bright beaming face of thine,
Nor felt thou wert so dear.

But now thou art gone forever;
Thy smile no more we see;
And we look upon thee lingering,
And sadly sigh for thee.

I can see thee, as I saw thee,
So bright on yester morn,
Even when the darkness blended,
With the soft light of thy dawn.

And I thought thy face so lovely,
And thy breath so od'rous sweet;
As the bright fresh morning flowers,
Came clustering at thy feet.

But now when I have lost thee—
And shall see thee here no more;
I think thy face the fairest,
That I ever saw before.

The tears upon thine eyelids;
The tender loving grace;
The sadness and the softness;
Upon thy lingering face.

Ah! long my heart will keep them,
Encased in sacred shrine,
Ah! long shall I be watching,
That hidden path of thine.

And thou so fair and gentle,
In thy tender loving grace,
When I see thee in the future,
With the tears upon thy face,

Wilt thou plead and strive to shield me,
When my Father and my God—
Bids the angel bring the record,
And he comes too with the rod.

WHAT THE MURMURING STREAMLET SAID.

I stood beside the little stream,
 To watch its murmuring flow,
 To catch its babbling words, ere yet,
 It sped afar to go.

And this was what the streamlet said,
 While I was listening there ;
 “ Why, need I leave the clinging grass—
 The kissing blossoms fair.

“ Why leave the little pebbles smooth,
 That in my bosom sleep ;
 Why leave the alders on the bank,
 That nightly for me weep.

“ Why journey to the distant sea,
 With all its briny wave,
 But to be lost amid its sands
 In deep and unfound grave?

“ I fain would linger in the fields,
 Now, while the spring is fair ;
 I fain would chorus for the birds,
 That swim the balmy air.

“ I fain would linger with the flowers,
 Ere yet the blossoms fade ;
 Would frolic, with the urchin’s feet,
 That through and through me wade.

“And I would laughing, show the maid,
 Her face and bosom white ;
 Would catch, from out her gleaming eyes,
 Love’s brightest glow of light.

“And show it all, to one who’d stand,
 Beside me, gazing down—
 At glittering jewels, brighter far,
 Than gems the monarch’s crown.

“Oh! I would love to linger on,
 Amid the quiet woods ;
 And cease my babbling for awhile,
 In silent, thoughtful mood.

“As down, in stilly pools I’d lie,
 With the sky upon my breast,
 A dreaming of the journey o’er,
 In haven sweet of rest.

“And all the birds would fly afar,
 To find that happy place,
 Where once again, the grass and flowers,
 Would stoop to kiss my face.

“And children, sporting still would come,
 To catch my dimpled waves ;
 While they through little fingers glide,
 That not a one could save.

“And there beside me, too, the maid,
 And lover, still would stand.
 With beauty that would never fade,
 In this fair, new found land.

“Oh! I would love to linger still,
And dream it o’er and o’er—
And yet I rush, with breathless haste—
To the far off briny shore.”

WHO MADE YOU?

“Who made thee, little flower?”
I asked one doubting hour,
Of a little flowret fair,
With its sweet breath on the air.
But it deigned not to reply,
With its lips, nor with its eye,
But as wilful, wayward child,
With its beauty, strange and wild,
It only looked, the while, away—
At the wanton winds at play.
And I passed, and left it there,
Still remembering though, how fair—
Spite, unanswered query made,
By bewildered heart that said,
“I will ask the little flower,
If such knowledge be its dower;
Who this beauty wrought, and grace,
To sit ever on its face.
Who such sweetness gave its heart,
That to all it can impart,
Joy, for every hour, the same,
Still its own full share may claim.
All the wealth of perfumed air—
All the grace and beauty fair.”

I was vexed, that thing so small,
Would not heed, nor answer call,
Yet I could not, once, forget—
That it heeded not my fret,
But still smiled in pleasant way,
As it bade the winds good day—
“You are happy, little flower;”
Then I said, in wiser hour,
“You are taking your delight,
In the dew, and in the light,
You have all the ken, you need,
But to bloom and bear your seed;
But to take the good that’s given,
And to leave the rest to Heaven.
And I’ll warrant, you will find,
In the rain and fresh’ning wind,
How the Maker’s hand is good,
To protect you from the flood;
From the scorching summer sun,
’Till your little task is done.
Then, I warrant, you will go,
Where the gentlest winds will blow
All your tiny seeds to sow,
’Till seed-time shall be no more—
And all questioning be o’er.”

THE LOVE AND TRUST OF YOUTH.

I HAVE lost a gem, I borrowed
 From an angel bright and fair,
 And the gem was wondrous lovely—
 Oh! the gem was wondrous rare!

And he clasped the jewel closely,
 On my breast above my heart;
 And he bade me watch it, guard it,
 Nor forever from it part.

And I thought to keep it safely;
 Oh! I thought to clasp it tight;
 So no danger could come near it,
 By the day nor by the night.

But I lost it—Oh I lost it!
 This bright treasure of my life,
 'Mid the labor and the hast'ning
 And the grasping, struggling, strife,

And now I have been weeping,
 Have been seeking still to find,
 If I lost it by my pathway,
 Or upon the fleeting wind.

Or if cruel hands unbound it
 And bore it far away,
 And left me, bitter weeping
 With my sorrow and dismay,

For I fear the angel coming,
In the day, or in the night,
He will look to see it gleaming
Still, so wondrous fair and bright.

But, he'll only find me weeping—
For my treasure lost and gone ;
For I've sought from morn 'till evening,
And again from eve 'till morn.

And I cannot find the jewel,
Oh, I cannot find it more,
And I feel without my treasure
I am wretched, lone and poor.

Oh ! friends, if you can find it
By any way you go,
I entreat you—I implore you—
To return and let me know.

And with haste—with haste, I'll travel
To the broken verge of earth ;
Over rocks, and burning deserts,
Through the blight of every dearth.

'Till I find it—'till I clasp it ;
'Till no chance may ever free
The wondrous—wondrous jewel,
Of my soul again from me.

Alas—my friends returning,
You have all the same to tell,
That the gem is lost and sunken,
In life's deep and bitter well,

THE POOR LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL.

COME hither, poor child, and tell me thy tale?
 Say, why do you look so sad and so pale!
 Thy garments are thin, and faded, and worn;
 Nay, nay, they are worse, they are tattered and torn.

And thine eyes, little one—how wild is their look,
 In each passing face, to read as a book,
 Its pity—and faith in the Great Father's love,
 Who pays for thy gifts from His treasure above.

Thy cheeks are too thin, too pale for thy years—
 How many sad nights have you wet them with tears?
 Thy poor little fingers, so slender and small,
 If they grasp at a burden—it surely must fall.

Little one! Little one! where is thy nest?
 Is thy mother asleep, with her love in her breast?
 Is thy father, poor soul, besotten and lost?
 Can't he see, as he drinks, how fearful the cost!

Have you brothers and sisters to share your hard fate?
 Or do you wander alone, with want for your mate?
 Don't shiver and sob, but tell me thy tale—
 What made thee so poor, so thin, and so pale?

“My mother is dead, it seems long ago,
 Since they came in the night, and told me to go,
 And stand by her bed, and bid her farewell,
 And hear the last words she wanted to tell.

“She kissed me and cried, and told me to pray,
And ask the dear Saviour to give me each day,
My bread and my clothes, and a place for my home;
And it might be He’d hear, when she prayed to come,

“And be with me always, and keep me from harm;
From sins that betray, from evils that charm;
When I should grow sick, and when I should grow weary,
She would ever be near, to comfort and cheer me.

“But the tall men came and bore her away;
And I followed and cried, and begged I might stay,
Where they laid my poor mother, and left her to rest,
So they told me, and piled up the earth on her breast.

“And then I went back, and cried myself ill;
And they told me I might stay in the house there, until
I was well, and was strong, and could beg for my bread;
For who would work for me, now mother was dead.

“And soon I got better, and could walk on the street—
And beg for a penny from all whom I meet,
That look kind and gentle, and willing to give—
But ah! I would rather be dead than to live.

“For then I would go to my mother, I know,
And never would beg in the rain or the snow—
Never would feel so hungry again—
And see others happy, while I was in pain.

“My father was rich, so mother told me,
But he lost all his gold, in a storm on the sea,
And then he grew wild, nor cared what should come,
’Till he lost all we had and our beautiful home.

“And my poor mother worked, all day and all night,
I think—for I always could see the lamplight,
When I waked—and would beg her to lie down and sleep,
But she only worked harder, and would silently weep.

“At last he was dead—my father was dead—
I just can remember what all of them said,
As they looked at my mother, and saw her pale face,
And called her a lady, and told of her grace.

“Of her gentle sweet ways, and said she would soon,
Leave all of her work, whether done, or undone;
Then they looked down on me, and I heard when they
sighed,
And pitied the child, when her mother too died.

“I never had a sister, I never had a brother;
And often I think, it is well that no other,
Should stand here to beg in the cold and the snow:
Oh! I think it were better, if I too could go—

“To be with my mother, and to be with my father;
I am sure, if I could, I would rather, far rather,
Go now to their home, that the Saviour has given—
Oh, the home of my mother—it must be in Heaven.”

And the dear loving Saviour has heard the child's prayer,
And called her in mercy to live with them there,—
Nor hunger, nor cold, nor the fast falling snow,
Will torture and freeze the little one now.

THE FUTURE.

THOU sphinx amid the sands of time,
 Breast high you stand in dust,
 The past it forms thy hidden feet,
 The present form thy bust.

It all makes Time's great statue,
 The heritage of man;
 Which oft a child may measure,
 With but his tiny span.

Oh! past too deeply buried!
 We never more may see,
 Aught of the love and beauty,
 We worshiped once in thee.

And present—idly toying—
 Beguiles full many a heart,
 To waste in sin and folly,
 Life's wiser, better part.

Until it too lies buried,
 With all the hidden past,
 By sands and dust of ages,
 The years have piled so fast.

But thou oh mystic future!
 With fixed and stony gaze,
 Across life's barren desert,
 Before our eyes always—

You stand—nor speech, nor smiling,
Nor word of warning wise;
Lies on your lips, fast sealéd,
Nor in your stony eyes.

You tell, you whisper nothing—
You point no beckoning hand,
Across the wretched desert,
To yet a fairer land.

But still, and stern and silent,
Each step we take you see;
And though we frenzied hasten,
We come no nearer thee.

For ever on before us,
Half buried in the sand,
With lips and eyes of marble,
A speechless dread you stand.

You may be wise and noble,
You may be brave and good,
Or abject poor and wretched,
Stained with a brother's blood.

No human heart can learn thee,
No human heart can see,
Thy poverty or thy riches,
Or good, or ill, you be.

No human heart can love thee,
Without or fear, or dread,
No human heart can trust thee,
For living or for dead.

I look at thee and shudder,
I cling to thee and hope;
Though nought I see or measure,
Within thy circling scope.

O sphinx! your stony presence,
Chills every warm impulse,
Each throb of hope or pleasure,
That speeds my eager pulse.

And back I fall and listen,
If any word you say,
Of treasures lost and hidden,
Found yet in fairer day.

While nought but deeper silence,
Falls on my anxious ear,
And I grow never wiser,
For all I hope and fear.

For still you stand before me,
With fixed and stony eye,
Telling of earth no secrets,
And none beyond the sky.

WHAT THE ANGELS SAID.

You may search the wide world over,
From vales to mountains high,
To where these flowing rivers,
And oceans meet the sky.

But you will never, never find,
Such grace and beauty rare,
As decks this lovely maiden,
And makes her all too fair.

For now I fear to leave her,
Or turn my eyes away;
I fear the watching angels,
May steal my love some day.

And when I lay me down at night,
To sleep amid its shade,
I dream they stole my darling bright,
And what the angels said.

The angels said she was like them,
In all her gentle ways,
Their seal upon her brow was set,
And in her eyes soft rays.

I know 'tis so and fear to go,
A moment from her side;
For fear while I have left her,
They may softly, softly glide,

And steal away my darling,
My darling and my bride;
And leave me nothing left to wish,
But that I too had died.

WHERE WILL I BE.

SAY, where will I be
When the days die?
When the nights vanish
Away from the sky.

Where shall I be
When the sun dies?
When the stars wandering,
Are lost from the skies.

When the pale moon,
Has fainted with fear;
Where will I be,
Oh speak in mine ear.

Where shall I be
When the earth wild—
Mother affrighted,
Flies from her child.

Answer me, Heavens!
Answer, oh earth!
Know I as little,
As child at its birth.

THINGS THAT PERISH.

THE spring time with its light and love,
And happy songs in field and grove,
And flowers some wayward fairy throws,
In every footstep where she goes.

The blossom on the white thorn bush—
The glow of beauty's timid blush—
The whisper on the evening air—
Of words the noonday must not hear.

The song whose chords of sweetness ring;
With first love's tones all quivering—
The tender clasp of loving hands,
While time pours out his golden sands.

The vow, the kiss, the plighted troth—
And treasured things believed by both,
Alas! that I must say 'tis so,
Such things from every life must go.

And friendship's often plighted vow,
Least selfish of the joys we know;
And honor's solemn oath to keep,
All sacred till in death they sleep.

Its trust, its truth and promise given,
That makes the hard cold earth like heaven;
And makes the waking bitter pain,
To loose the dream nor find again.

The summer, and her red ripe fruits—
Fair moonbeams, and young lovers' lutes—
The harvest fields, with shocks of grain,
And songs with wild, but sweet refrain.

Far echoing, over distant hills—
And all the scented valley fills;—
The autumn with her gorgeous skies,
And woods that borrow all their dyes,

The charm of plenty, and of peace,
As when the strife of battles cease,
The garnered sheaves, the labor o'er—
Ere winter rushes to the door.

All these are pictures moving fast,
We grasp them but they will not last;
Old winter with his frozen hand—
Throws ice upon the golden sand.

And snow upon the locks of love,
And hushes songs in field and grove;
And snaps the lute's sweet silver chord,
And stills each tender, loving word.

For fields, and groves, and hearts grow cold,
Beneath the touch of winter old:
All these are lovely things but they—
Live for each heart, then pass away.

And in the cold, when they are gone,
The old heart makes its lonely moan;
The dimmed old eyes strive still to find—
The treasures they have left behind.

SWEET BIRD, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

SWEET bird—sweet bird, Where have you been?
 What wonders have your bright eyes seen?
 What strange things, Birdie, did you hear,
 With your quick, ever listening ear?

“I flew where summer skies are bright,
 And beauty always glads the sight;
 Where music, sweeter far than mine,
 Is heard when mellow moonbeams shine,

“Where lovers whisper vows and sigh—
 And maidens blush with downcast eye.
 I strove to learn one sweet sad song,
 Sitting the blooming trees among.

“But vain, oh vainly, did I try,
 For nothing underneath the sky,
 Was ever sweet as her sad tone,
 When lover with his love had gone.

“She sung to me full many a day,
 And told what I had heard him say;
 And then when happy maidens slept,
 She lingered lonely there and wept.”

Oh hush! you babbling bird, I pray,
 Tell me no more the maid did say,
 The idle heart has idle ways,
 And finds a love where'er it strays.

FIRST LOVE.

OF all the threads of life inwove,
And warped with tenderest care,
There is but one, exceeding bright—
But one, divinely fair.

There is but one, more pure than gold;
More bright than glittering gems;
Yea, brighter than the brightest star,
That on our pathway gleams.

And stronger than the cable cord,
That binds the anchor sure,
And often like the hills, as firm,
All steadfast, to endure.

And sweet—sweet tones, are trembling there,
Along this mystic thread,
That brings wild rapture to the heart,
And glory to the head.

And brings sweet speech to faltering tongue,
And beauty to the eye,
And spreads upon the earth the light,
And glory of the sky.

Oh love—first love! sure God hath made
On earth no purer bliss;
Hath angels in the heaven above,
A sweeter harp than this?

That sends such tones upon the air,
Of wondrous force and power;
Of sweetest, tenderest, harmony,
In that fair witching hour.

When life is but one sunny dream
Of fields and blossoms fair;
Of gliding waters in the sun,
And not a shadow near.

When music's voice is all we hear,
And beauty all we see;
When there is nought before to dread,
Nor in the past to flee.

But just to-day—divine and sweet,
As nectar to the lips;
Or like elixir to the heart,
This draught has found and sips—

And so forgets the world and care,
And swiftly flying time,
And woe, and want, and age, and death—
While Love may mark the time.

IDLE FANCIES.

My thoughts and my fancies are idle to-day;
 In spite of my bidding they all fly away;
 Like gay, romping children, in frolic and fun,
 They'll sport 'till the day is finished and gone

Their wings are so light, their plumage so bright,
 I only can sigh, as I see them all fly,
 Far over the land, and over the sea,
 Where I never have been, and never may be.

Ah! I wish I could find, a chain that would bind,
 These fleet idle fancies and visions of mine;
 And bring them all home, from afar where they roam,
 Like the waves of the sea, all crested with foam.

I'd bind them, and hold them, with linklets of gold,
 Too strong for their struggle, be it ever so bold;
 But ah! they are swifter by far than the wind,
 And stronger than tempest, then how can I find,

A chain that will hold them—as soon might the dream
 Prove earnest and real, when the bright day shall beam;
 And pull down the palace they built for a home,
 And scatter the friends from the long ago come.

That they give me again—that my prayers could not save,
 From the strong hand of death, and the deep gloomy grave,
 But they move in my dream, as fair and as dear,
 As when living I held them, in rapture, safe here.

No ! No ! I'll ne'er find a chain that will bind,
These fleet idle fancies and visions of mine;
Could I bring them all home, from afar where they roam,
With their wings all so light, and their plumage so bright,

How long would they stay, or what would they say—
These fleet idle truants, that have left me to-day?
Should I bid them be earnest and go to their task,
They'd laugh at my bidding, and idly would bask

In the warm sunny ray, and not a word say,
But look in my face, with so winning a grace,
I too, would grow idle, and dream of the time,
When life was a cadence, and love was a rhyme.

GLIDING.

GLIDING. gliding, gliding,
Adown the lovely stream,
All the cares that vex me,
Seeming but a dream.

All the hopes that fever,
Flitting on their wings,
Far too swift to whisper,
Of their promised things.

All the wild ambitions,
With their festering sore,
Lulled into a slumber,
Are left upon the shore.

Pride, and lofty yearning
For the highest place,
Glide like parted wavelet
From before my face.

Gliding, softly gliding,
On the dancing wave—
I forget my sorrow—
I forget the grave.

I remember only
How the stream of time,
Makes to sweetest music
Most bewitching rhyme.

I remember only,
Joys and pleasant smiles,
While the lulling waters—
All my care beguiles.

LILLIE DEAR.

WE wept that day, sweet Lill and I—
We wept that day, that love must die,
And gold must have its own.

Alas! that gold bought Lillie fair,
And left my blighted life so drear,
I nought could do but mourn—

For she is in a distant land,
And heavy seas break on the strand,
And heavy is my heart.

I have no kith nor kin to cheer;
I loved the little one so dear,
'Twas madness thus to part.

Oh—Lillie dear, in that sad day,
When love and hope were swept away,
My life was snapped in twain.

You might find hope and joy and love;
Amid the gay and happy move,
But I must mate with pain,

Oh! Lillie dear, I would that day,
Had never dawned, to pass away,
When last we met to part.

I would, my love, its glittering sheen,
Was with the things that ne'er had been,
We still had heart for heart.

But you are in a distant land;
And heavy seas break on the strand,
 With sound like muffled groan.

And I have kith nor kin to cheer;
And little one I loved so dear,
 My life with you is gone.

ON THE FIELDS.

ON the fields the white snow lieth
 Still and deep.

And its cold and whiteness maketh
 Me to weep.

Cold and white are things of dreading,
 Things of fear.

And we look on them and shudder,
 Weeping tears.

Who is it that hath not seen it
 Cold and white?

Something loved, and something cherished,
 Through the night.

Who is there that hath not seen it,
Pass away?

As the snow, that swiftly melting,
Leaves the day.

Who is there that has not sought it
O'er and o'er

Vainly?—as the snow in summer
Comes no more.

Lie upon the fields, oh whiteness!
Still and pale.

Hearts there are that will not heed you,
Will not quail.

But you still will come and wrap them,
All around,

And the heart will lie beneath you;
'Neath the ground,

Whiter, whiter—colder, colder—
Than the snow.

Is the winding sheet and sleeper,
Deep below.

BY THE WAVE AND WILLOW.

WHERE the waving willows bending,
Over waters whispering low,
Of the blue skies far above them,
Of the hidden things below.

There I love to sit and listen ;
List with heart and mind and soul,
To the hurrying waves that pass me,
As they onward—onward, roll.

Listen to the willows answering,
Pleading with them still to stay,
But the hurrying heedless waters—
On and on they glide away.

There I sit such thoughts with thinking,
As no human heart should think—
While the broken waters dash them,
Over steep and rugged brink.

Little do these wild thoughts profit ;
Little wiser do I grow ;
With the bending willows answering,
What the waters whisper low.

Yet I love—I love to linger—
By the wave and willow still,
Asking things they cannot answer,
Ocean, river, brook nor rill.

TO A WHITE HYACINTH.

I FOUND you in my garden, flower,
With your fair snow-white face—
A thing of heavenly purity,
In such a lowly place.

And long I looked and long I mused—
Ere I would break the stem,
Of such a sweet fair messenger
Sent on my path to gleam.

And with your scented breath to tell
Of pure sweet things above,
Of spotless things and fadeless things—
'That bloom where you were born.

The soft winds bring your breath to me,
And with it memories dear—
Of other days and other flowers;
Oh! sweeter and more fair.

And on your petals there are drops,
That are not dews from heaven;
That are not waters, fount or stream
From any land has given.

Oh, lovely scented flowret white!
How much you whisper me;
With you, across what distant fields
I look through tears to see!

A garden in the bloom of spring,
A youth and maiden there—
And at her feet and in her hands,
I see you blossom fair.

While he with idle toying throws
White petals with a kiss—
They both did learn in after years
It was life's crowning bliss.

Alas for garden, maid and youth—
Time worked his will with all.
The love and beauty are a dream ;
There lies a crumbling wall.

And not a flower is left to bloom
In all its borders fair ;
Only the browsing cattle now
Its rich luxuriance share.

Perhaps in some far land the youth
Lies in a nameless grave ;
With nought—not even a flower to mark
The couch of true and brave.

And one sad woman, pale and thin
Will search each spring to find,
The pure and sweet white token—
Of vows, fate would not bind.

But bloom—still bloom, sweet flowers !
In spite of wild decay,
Come back with every spring to tell
What then you heard him say.

Come back, and catch again the drops—
That are not dews from heaven ;
That are not waters, fount or stream—
From any land has given.

SABBATH DAY.

BEAUTIFUL Sabbath of rest and of peace.
Giving from labor and ease your release,
Showing this world with its sin and its pain,
What pleasures, what joys, in heaven we'll gain.

Oh day, I've blessed you a thousand times o'er,
And may, by God's mercy, a thousand times more;
But I never can tell one-half of the bliss,
You bring from that better land down into this.

I never can tell though I live through long years,
How you comfort the weary and soothe all their fears;
How you whisper sweet hope to the rested grown strong,
And shorten their toil, else hopelessly long.

But so long as I live I will give thanks to God,
For the sweet spots of resting on life's weary road;
So long as I live I will love the fair days,
That tell of the land where they dwell them always.

So long as I live I will think of that land,
As of sweet Sabbath days reaching hand into hand;
So long as I live I will still long to go,
To the home with its pleasures you came here to show.

GENTLE WORDS.

How light the cost of gentle words,
How long their memory lives;
Like perfume of the sweetest flower,
A charm to life they give,
That else would be too cold and hard,
To blossom with the spring,
With buds of hope and tendrils dear,
That hide unsightly things.
But gentle words bring lovely smiles,
To light the plainest face,
Akin to our sweet dreams of heaven,
And to the angels' grace.
I pray that they may ever sound,
Along my path of life,
And turn away my thought from all,
Its vain and needless strife.
That sweet and clear above the roar,
Of its wild surging sea,
I'll hear the soft sweet words of peace,
Come o'er the waves to me.
Of peace, and love, and tender thoughts,
In words that glad my heart,
I pray that in my life, my death,
This still will be my part.
And oh, I know too well to doubt,
If ever I reach heaven,
The welcome that will greet me there,
Will in sweet words be given.
Such soft and gentle words that I,
Will feel no more afraid,

Forget the gloomy grave I left,
Forget the awful dead,
That slumbered in the grave with me,
With white and stony face;
I'll only feel that I have reached,
A lovely happy place,
Where harsh cold words and bitter thoughts,
May never find me more:
And where the vain and needless strife,
Will be forever o'er.

MEMORY'S HALLS.

I DWELL in the halls of memory,
And sweet are the sounds I hear,
They fall like floating music—
On a half awakened ear.

And lovely, all too lovely—
Are the passing forms I see,
That beckon and come to meet me;
Then suddenly turn and flee.

I strive to follow and grasp them;
To hold their beckoning hand,
But they flit as fast as a shadow,
E'er flew o'er the sunlit land.

Oh! stately and grand is my dwelling,
And wide are its arching halls;
And through all its countless chambers,
How many voices call.

How many things they whisper,
That I can ne'er forget;
How many treasures point me,
That I strove in vain to get.

Oh! oft I fain would leave it,
This hall in its stately pride,
That arches high above me,
With its countless chambers wide.

But a spell lies on the dwelling,
And a spell lies on my heart,
And I feel that from its treasures,
I can never, never part.

PEACE.

SWEET friend, I seem to see thee now,
Before me pleading stand,
With gentle words upon thy lips,
And tender reaching hands.

And in thine eyes—Oh! in thine eyes,
What depths of loving dwell!
What pleasant things in sweetest tones,
Thy soft low accents tell.

You speak—the angry word is stayed,
The parted lips are still;
The lids drop over flashing eyes,
That wrath and vengeance fill.

The hands that now were raised to skies,
 Fall clasping, purpose pure,
And in the wild and stormy heart,
 Only thy words endure.

One called thee from the heaven above,
 And bade thee calm the sea,
And then its raging waves were still,
 And slept all tranquilly.

He bade thee enter in the hearts,
 By storms as wildly torn,
And then they beat their quiet throbs,
 As babes but newly born.

Sweet angel from the heaven above,
 Leave not our wretched heart;
Teach us to humbly bear our wrongs,
 Hush murmurs ere they start.

Teach us when strife must needs be borne,
 If e'er indeed it must,
To speedy leave its dangerous path,
 For one that's safe and just.

Oh teach us, friend, with thine own lips,
 With words sweet peace of thine;
The way thou wilt return to heaven,
 That else we'll never find.

WHAT SHALL I SAY.

WHAT shall I say,
 That I am weary,
 Waiting to leave,
 A world that is dreary.

Oh, what shall I say!
 That my task is all done—
 Nothing for me to do
 Under the sun.

Nothing to suffer—
 Nothing to bear—
 No lesson to learn,
 No effort to dare.

Oh, what shall I say,
 That I am aweary,
 Suffering and bearing
 A burden so heavy.

Hopeless the effort,
 My task to fulfil—
 Duties on duties,
 Are waiting me still.

Effort on effort—
 Stands still at my side,
 Entreating and pleading—
 And there they abide,

Then what shall I say—
When my heart is aweary,
Waiting to leave
A world that is dreary.

Shall I whisper of hope,
With tears in my eyes,
Of the rest and reward,
That await in the skies.

Shall I stop for a moment,
To utter a prayer,
For patience and faith
While the time draweth near.

Shall I fold for a moment,
My hands that are tired,
Enshrouding the hope
That last has expired.

Then say from my heart
In low anguished tone,
Thy will, oh my Father,
Not mine must be done.

DESTINY.

WE wrestle with a giant,
And he is fierce and strong,
And in his grasp of power,
Bears all our hopes along.

He never, never leaves us,
Awake or yet asleep,
In dreams and happy smiling,
And dark days when we weep.

But there within beside us—
He worketh all his will,
And leaves us little choosing,
Of what he may fulfill.

Men call him fate or destiny—
Or fortune grown perverse ;
And when the way is evil,
They name him something worse.

I cannot tell how it may be,
I sometimes fear to think,
And feel like some poor doomed wretch,
Upon the chasm's brink.

I only know that I have strength,
To turn and fly away,
Only to find the giant there,
To stay where I may stay.

And now I look upon the fields,
And out upon the sky,
And on unmeasured ocean—
With restless searching eye.

To see if there may be no spot,
Where I may feel his power,
May dream and smile and speak in hope,
If but for one short hour.

Until at last I find it,
Secure and sweet within,
A narrow little dwelling,
He may not enter in.

And there when I am sleeping—
I trust upon my face,
The smile of triumph resting,
All plainly then may trace.

And light as of one dreaming,
Of things that they have found,
That long ago came faint and far,
With half awak'ning sound.

With vision startled unawares,
By things too swiftly shown,
As if a bird with silver wings,
Above my head had flown.

Thank God, you will not find me,
Oh, cruel, cruel fate—
If you should seek to enter there,
You will be all too late.

For stronger hands than yours will come,
And bar the door for me,
And I shall sleep and dream and wake,
All undisturbed by thee.

VOICE OF THE WIND.

Tell me! Oh tell me! murmuring wind,
Your soft sweet harp, say, where did you find?
Tell me wind, with your voice so low,
Over what are you sighing and wailing so?

Tell me! Oh tell me! hurrying wind—
What are you seeking so vainly to find?
Why don't you pause, and rest in the night?
What urges you on in your restless flight?

“My wings are light, my wings are free;
I fly over the land, I fly over the sea;
My heart it hath secrets you never may know,
And that is the reason I whisper so low.

I found my sweet harp, long ago, in the sky,
And I strike on the chords, as I'm hurrying by,
To whisper sweet things of my home in your ear,
That your heart may fly with me, and dwell with me there.”

I REMEMBER A DAY.

I REMEMBER a day when the world was young,
Or so it seemed to me
When its face was dressed with the fairest smiles,
And its voice was full of glee.

And I said, oh, world I think you fair,
And your voice to me is sweet,
There are knots and clumps of flowers that grow,
On the hills and the plains at their feet.

And the streams and the rivers and the billowy lakes,
Are murmuring their sweet low song,
And telling in broken rhymes of things,
They have seen in their journey long.

And your butterflies gay as your flowers are fair,
Look like to the blossoms on wing,
While the bees and the birds make music for all,
And a hundred new songs they sing.

Oh yes, I said the world is fair,
And the skies they are clear and bright,
Her face it is as the face of a maid,
Who is decked for her wedding night.

Who said when the years has flown away,
That the world was old and sad,
That the deep blue skies were ashen gray,
And her children drunken and mad.

Who said that they laid by the waysides down,
And died with their broken hearts ;
That a darker thing than the shadow of death,
Saw the soul on its journey depart.

Who said that they heeded nor flowers, nor streams,
Nor bees nor birds with their songs,
Nor aught on the billowy lakes, nor the sea.
Nor the land with its measures long.

Did I dream in the night one found it so,
And weep for the strange sad dream,
Did it all pass by as a shadow dark,
In the light of the morning's beam.

THE ANSWER.

Is there ever a point we can reach in life—
Where the heart can pausing say.
“I have not a care, or a feverish wish,
To worry my life to-day?”

Is there ever an hour of such sweet content,
That the heart can rest and tell,
Alone of the pleasant things it found,
Uncaring what befell?

Was there ever a cup, so sweet and full,
No drop was needed more—
By the thirsting lips that quaffed it all,
As it sparkled o'er and o'er?

Was there ever a love, so true and deep,
And ceaseless in its flow,
That the clear, sweet stream, was always full,
And the heart no thirst could know?

Was there ever a hope, so bright and clear,
No shadow e'er came nigh;
To whisper of gathering clouds at night,
In the rosy tinted sky?

Was there ever a faith, so firm and strong—
That it throttled every doubt,
And hushed the waking voice of fear,
With bold exultant shout?

I asked of all I met on the way,
And still no answer's given—
I asked of my heart and heard it say,
Not here! Not here! In Heaven.

SLEEP.

My drowsy brain has ceased to work,
My drowsy eyes to see;
The form and force of things that are,
Have fled away from me.

And in a misty waving flow,
Of far off sound and sight,
The features of the day are lost,
In shadowy realms of night.

A thought comes foremost to my mind,
I strive to hold it there,
But it is fleeter than the wind,
And lighter than the air.

So one by one they come and go,
Each one more faint and light;
Until they all fly off and leave,
The angel of the night,

To drop her veil before my face,
Her fingers on my ears,
And close my eyes that else might fill,
With bitter briny tears.

Sweet sleep, thou art a blessed friend,
And well I love thy face;
Thy fair hands bear a sweetened draught,
You bring with tender grace.

ROLL BACK, OH TIME, THY WHEELS.

ROLL back thy wheels, oh time and wait,
One short sweet hour for me,
To search among the fair wild flowers,
And in the native woodland bowers,
And where the brook runs merrily,
To find a missing child.

Her thoughts are not like children's thoughts,
They wander on upon the way,
Where birds, and bees, and running streams,
Are happy in the bright sunbeams,
And there they ever lingering stay,
Until the night comes on.

The little face, half sad, half gay,
Has wistful winning looks,
It catches sunshine from the skies,
And hides it in her tender eyes,
As by the softly murmuring brooks,
The little wanderer strays.

I fear the darkening shades of night,
May turn upon thy wheels, oh time,
And throw its shadows on her face,
And write sad lines for me to trace,
As you will hurry on to climb,
Your measured rounds.

I fear, oh time, that unawares,
Her little feet may wander off,
Her hands drop all her blossoms fair,
So many ills may draw her near,
My heart goes out to save.

Oh time! I pray, I pray you wait—
One moment in your flight;
And let me see the bride once more,
Ere yet she leaves the vine clad door,
Where roses bloom by day and night,
For her and her alone.

Ah, she will see them bud and blush,
And feel upon her cheek their breath,
Long after she has left her home,
And all the roses drop their bloom,
When faded lies the bridal wreath,
And paler fades her cheek.

But now the face is sweet and fair,
And in the eyes the light still lies,
In gathered beams subdued and soft,
While that sweet tale that's told so oft,
Brings timid low replies,
From half reluctant lips.

Cold—cold must be your heart, oh time!
To hurry thus away;
For I may never see her more,
When once she passes out the door,
And I must weep away,
For bride and roses blooming there.

Oh time! you rush in breathless haste,
I pray, I pray you pause,
That saddened face it looks so pale,
Some cruel power must make it quail,
Oh let me find the cause.
That I may comfort give.

Is this the bride we left but now,
With sunlight on her face,
With sunlight gathered from the skies,
Hid in her tender loving eyes,
And with her bashful grace,
And red reluctant lips.

Oh time! Oh time—is this thy work—
These haggard cheeks so pale—
Tears, crowding back behind the lids,
Where once the gleaming sunshine hid,
And love's forgotten tale,
Is this thy work, oh time!

'Tis needless now, that you should pause,
There's nothing left for me to do;
I cannot find the sinless child,
Nor her bright flowers, sweet and wild,
Though I may wander through and through,
Life's wilderness again.

I still can hear the maiden sing,
Love's sweet old song made new;
But it is in my dreams alone,
I hear again the words, the tone—
The simple heart deemed true,
How sad it was not so.

MAY DAY.

HEY day—the world is gay,
 For spring has brought her finest day
 To deck thy beauteous head, sweet May.

Soft and slow the breezes blow—
 Soft and slow as music low ;
 As when the lips we love o'erflow,

For eye and ear what beauty's here ;
 From trees and birds and brooklet near
 What merry sounds of joy I hear.

And smiling I say "well-a-day—
 Forget my heart its sorrows may
 And sing like birds right cheerily.

"Sing of the happy future time,
 In soothing mellow measured rhyme.
 Let all of nature with me chime,"

And not a doubt and not a fear—
 With gloomy solemn face draw near
 And whisper what I need not hear.

But let me say that life is gay—
 And roses blossom by the way—
 All fair and thornless let me say.

And let no answering voice reply,
 From gloomy figure standing by,
 With lowering brow and evil eye.

SEARCHING.

I STOOD in the heart of the city,
As its eager crowds rushed on,
With the labor of life before them,
That it seemed would never be done.

And the haste and hurry and worrying,
Were like fever to my soul,
Like the wheels of a grinding chariot,
That over and over it rolled.

And I sighed as my heart repeated,
With its sad and solemn tone,
Let me fly to the depths of the forest,
To dwell and to suffer alone.

So I turned away from the city,
From its eager and restless throng,
That was struggling for fame and for riches,
With a thirst that was mighty and strong,

But the struggle so fierce and so bitter,
Oft ended in darkest despair,
'Till age and want together
Found them naked and hungry there.

And I fled from the heart of the city,
And went with the stream to the woods,
'Mid its voiceful silence reposing,
I went with my thoughts to brood.

But my heart grew weary with thinking,
Not finding the peace that I sought,
To its depths and its solemn grandeur,
All the shades of the past I had brought.

For they glided like ghosts before me,
Or noiseless walked at my side,
'Till I fain would have fled from the forest,
By a path that was broader and wide.

Then one by one did I try them,
The haunts and pathways of men,
'Till my heart coming back from them weary,
Sank down with its pleading again,

I stood by the swell of the ocean,
And thought I would bury them there,
But the tide came back with my sorrows,
And left them all naked and bare.

I cried to the waves of the ocean,
As backward they dashed from my feet,
I pleaded, I prayed, they might bear them,
Where on earth we never would meet.

But the waters rolled on with their thunder,
And drowned every word that I said,
They mourned in the far off distance,
As the loving mourn over their dead.

In terror I fled to the city,
To the heart of its struggle and strife,
“Let me dwell with the workers I pray thee,
And carve out the glory of life.”

CONSCIENCE.

DREAD Monitor, you stand beside
 And whisper me alway,
 Regardless if I heed and turn,
 Or still press on my way.

I know you for a friend, not foe—
 Though oft unwelcome guest;
 And strong and bitter thoughts you bring;
 Of fear and deep unrest.

With sternest words I drive you hence,
 And bid you come no more,
 I push you rudely from my heart,
 As danger from my door.

And yet I would not part with you
 Upon my devious path,
 For all the goodly company
 This world deceptive hath.

For well I know that you are true,
 Will point me what is best,
 Unheeding of the anger fierce
 In my resentful breast.

And where—oh where, on earth can I,
 Find friend that's true again—
 Chiding for all my wanderings
 And follies light and vain.

Saying "Well done," when I have turned
And heeded pleading voice,
And of the good—not evil—
Made safe and happy choice.

Oh, never—never leave me,
Best friend of all, I pray!
But go with me through all my life—
Each sad or happy day.

And tell me when I'm pressing
Where dangers cluster thick;
Of all that lies before me,
And lead me from them quick.

For tarrying makes danger—
And danger makes despair—
I would not have the shadow
Of night fall on me there.

And when my journey's ended,
And I'll never need you more,
Stay thou with me, I pray thee,
'Till I'm within my Father's door.

THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

FLY by, fly by, ye hours
Upon your swiftest wings,
Ye shall not carry aught away
Of all my treasured things.

Fly by, ye shall not steal it—
The vow that he has given—
The purest, and the truest vow
Made underneath the heaven.

Ye shall not, shall not, steal it—
His kiss upon my lips—
No pearl dissolved in Egypt's wine,
Was half so dear as this.

Ye need not loiter for it—
His tender last embrace,
And all the light of love I saw,
Upon his noble face.

Fly by, ye shall not steal it—
The troth he plighted true—
He told me, oh ye wingéd hours,
To guard it safe from you.

You shall not have my jewels—
My pearls of priceless price—
Though what you never yet have done,
You should come for them thrice.

WHENEVER THE WIND GROWETH WEARY.

WHENEVER the wind groweth weary,
And pauseth to sigh at my side,
With a tone it hath caught in its wanderings
From a spent and a cliff wasted tide,
It says to me softly and lowly:
“There is hope, there is rest for us heart;
I’ve been where the shores are all summer,
Nor yet with the spring ever part;
I have been where the weary are rested,
Where the sick may remember no pain—
Where no fever may thirst them forever—
Nor the terror of death come again.
And I came back—I hastened to tell thee,
For I saw thee all sad and alone,
Weeping in pain, and despairing
Over thy treasures long gone.
I have come from the shores where the summer
Blossoms and fruiteth for aye—
Where the spring and the summer sweet blendeth,
As the child and the woman are fair—
And there on the shores I’ve seen them,
Waiting and watching for thee—
Watching the barks that draw nearer,
Impatiently waiting for thee.”
I arose as the wind sighed and left me—
I plead for its swift wings to fly—
I stretched out my arms and entreated—
But I heard it far off in the sky.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

THE whole of Nature lifts her voice
And speaks, my God, of Thee;
Each step upon the far-stretched earth,
Each wave upon the sea.

Each hand-breadth in the wondrous sky,
Adorned with worlds of light,
That burn through endless ages on,
And never grow less bright.

And never lose their mystic fire,
And never lose their place;
But through a myriad ages still,
Have rolled through trackless space.

They all—they all, proclaim that Thou
Art One, supreme and great—
That they are creatures of Thy Word,
And on Thy bidding wait.

There's no rebellion in Thy realms;
No question—Why, or how?—
The Master's hand is raised—He says:
“'Tis I command thee now.”

And earth is clothed with living green;
And waves lie still and sleep;
And beauty walks adown each vale,
And climbs each rugged steep.

And soft winds whisper in the trees,
And wake the sleeping buds,
Benumbed by long and frozen nights,
And by the chilling floods—

They burst, they grow, with beauty bloom;
Live their appointed days;
No power on earth, or in the heaven,
Thy mandate ever stays.

The seasons come, the seasons go—
Each with its mission done;
The stars roll onward in their course,
Each morning brings the sun.

In all the million, million years,
There's not one moment lost;
In all the busy round of earth:
With all the heavenly host,

Oh, mighty, mighty laws are these,
That bind these mighty things,
In order and in sweet accord,
That untold blessings bring.

They all proclaim, that Thou art One—
Supreme—and far too Great—
For feeble mind of man to know,
In his low abject state.

But he must wait Thy secrets known,
And all thy wonders seen;
'Till like the buds, He wakes thee up,
Where thou hast sleeping been.

But man—Oh! wretched and undone!
Will not abide his hour;
Impatient seeks to know, is foiled;
And then defies 'Thy power.

Poor, wretched man—undone, undone—
And brittle as a straw;
There's not a power on earth, in heaven,
Can wrest him from Thy law.

THE BURIED SEED.

AH, seed—I will bury you deeply,
Down in the heavy earth,
I will go away, but I'll come again,
And watch to see your birth.

Up from the dark damp moulding,
Your tender leaves will spring;
The earth is hard and heavy,
And you are the frailest thing.

But you will burst with your power—
Your hidden power of life,
The sodden clods above you,
And enter the field of strife.

And the children shall come and kiss you,
For the sake of your flowers fair;
And the youth and the maid shall love you,
For the vows they've hidden there.

And the old shall watch you sadly,
And think of the days that are gone,
Of love's sweet blossoms faded,
They gathered in life's fresh morn.

And the wise shall come and watch you,
And shall strive and strive to know,
Whence you gathered the life within you,
As you lay in the earth below.

But you will never heed them,
You frailest and fairest thing;
You bring to the earth the beauty,
The sweetness you were bidden to bring.

And then your task is ended,
You will sigh on the wind and air;
And the wise will ponder and ponder,
O'er the mystery still where you lie.

LET ME LIVE:

LET me live a life that's worthy.
With purpose pure and high,
And on the loftiest summit,
Fix my unfailing eye.

And while the noise of striving,
Fills all the vale below,
Let me with steadfast effort,
Still high and higher go.

How fair the valley lieth,
How rich her fertile lands,
And what reward she bringeth,
To busy toiling hands.

I should not fret with seeing;
I should not crave to share;
If on that lofty summit,
I fix my longing there.

Gold heaps may there be shining,
Bright diamonds in the dust,
And blood red rubies gleaming,
And gems of rarest cost.

I would not pause to mark them,
Nor crave that they were mine,
While things far dearer, brighter,
Would still before me shine.

Oh! let my life be holy,
With purpose pure and high,
Fixing my heart all steadfast,
And steadfast too my eye.

Upon the highest summit,
That mortal eye may reach,
Learning the purest lessons,
Heaven to the earth can teach.

Oh! then I need not worry—
If in the vale is strife,
While all above, around me,
I hear the Psalms of life.

And in the city golden,
With light above the sun,
I may hear ten thousand voices,
Blend melody as one.

Oh! heart grow stouter, bolder,
To bear your purpose high,
And hands grow softer, gentler,
To every passer-by.

Who weary with their toiling,
Athirst and sick at heart,
Long for the heights eternal,
As now I feel thou art.

Bring tender, gentle actions,
And sweet words whispered low,
As balm and healing comfort,
Wherever you may go.

Take Hope and Faith, sweet comrades,
With thee by night and day,
And cheer the dark way lonely,
With words that angels say.

So let my life be holy,
Apart from all the strife,
Apart from greed of gaining,
From pride and lust of life.

Apart, and yet among them,
Still with my purpose high,
Fixing their earnest longings,
With mine, that pierce the sky.

Oh! I hear the music rolling,
I see the city shine;
Great God! could I but tell them,
What transport would be mine.

But sadly, sadly, slowly—
I wend my way below;
I leave upon the mountain,
The things I cannot show.

THE MIRROR IN THE HEART.

AND so the days fly fast away,
And so the nights dream on,
Until the glass is emptied quite,
And all the sands are gone

The days, the nights, the vanished sands,
We know not where they be;
We look o'er all the earth, the sky—
And not a one we see.

We look into our lonely hearts,
And lo!—they all are there;
All pictured in its mirror bright,
But more exceeding fair.

We sit in lonely evenings,
And by the silent hearth,
When all is still and quiet,
Upon the resting earth.

And one by one we trace them—
The days with golden sands;
The nights still turning softly,
The glass, with tender hands.

And one by one, we leave them,
Safe in the mirror there,
Still growing nearer, dearer,
And more exceeding fair.

THE VALE OF HUMILITY.

THERE is a valley lying low,
And through the vale sweet waters flow,
On every side tall heights are seen,
And broken gorges come between.

But still the valley peaceful lies,
Like bird whose wing no longer tries,
To reach the lofty heights around,
But hides in safety near the ground.

While the fierce tempest rend the rocks,
And shakes all nature with its shocks,
Sweet valley I would hide with thee ;
And leave the stormy heights to be.

But there are things about my heart,
From which for long I cannot part—
That still will seek to soar above,
E'en though the quiet vale I love.

Will seek on stormy heights to stand,
Though wrecks lie thick on every hand,
Of soaring spirit, whose broken wing,
All helpless to the earth did fling.

The mangled form and broken heart ;
Wild moaning that they ere did start.

Away from that sweet vale below,
Where like a song her waters flow,
I cannot name aright the power,
That tempts me in an evil hour,

To leave the vale where pleasures lie ;
With sweet content to live and die.
And struggling climb each stormy height,
With feeble strength and cumbrous weight.

To reach the crown and find at last,
'Twas but to meet the tempest's blast.
Hurled from its summit to the vale,
Crushed, bleeding, and like death as pale.

Ambition it may be, or pride,
Or something in my soul beside,
That holds no kindred with the earth,
But still longs for its land of birth.

Whose one remembered glimpse is seen,
Midway the earth and heaven between,
And there bright beckoning spirits call,
And bids me strive though back I fall.

While higher, as I mount still high—
Above me will the vision fly,
'Till widening on my gaze I see,
The things I long have dreamt would be.

Great God ! how fearful is the cry,
When in the vale we fall to die.
How wiser, better it had been.
If never stormy heights we'd seen.

TO MUSIC.

SWEET music lend me thine own voice,
Thy sweetest tenderest tone,
That I may sing a song like thee,
And cease this dreary moan.

It must be soft and sweet and low,
As gently rustling sounds,
That summer winds make as they blow
O'er violet scented grounds.

It must be murmuring, whispering,
As one who dreaming sings ;
A sweet, sweet song they used to know,
Of wondrous happy things.

Of tender hands still clasping soft
The one that's grown too cold ;
Of loving arms, whose strong embrace
May never more enfold.

Of eyes, in whose deep depths are seen,
A light that cannot die,
But through their veiling lids still burns,
As stars in cloudy sky.

And lips—Oh, music sweet as thine,
All tremulous with love,
That sings as caged birds who hears,
The wild free birds above.

UNTIL.

BACK, back, behind the years lie piled,
Upon a desert plain,
And I rejoice that I no more,
Shall wander there again.

A stony heap of rugged shape,
And rough and rugged kind,
Unlike the jewels first I thought,
Upon my way to find.

But there they all now gathered lie ;
And so must e'er remain—
I cannot move one sharp cold stone,
Nor file away one stain.

But from the future, one by one,
Advancing still they come,
Like wanderers from a far off land,
To rest at last at home.

How welcome each new year I greet !
How anxious I await,
The spices and the jewels rare,
They'll bring within the gate.

How anxious, anxious, still I wait,
Until the year is gone ;
And far the precious burden lies,
As erst on New Year's morn.

Until another comes and brings,
Its own sweet hope again ;
As ships with flying sails outspread,
Climb up the distant main.

Say will you never, never bring
Your promised treasure home,
The scented spices and the gems,
With which I thought you'd come.

Alas ! you have not answered me—
You glide beyond my sight.
As swiftest phantom flitting flies,
Before a shifting light.

And I turn with a deep drawn breath,
A sigh and then a smile,
To greet another year of hope.
That waiteth me erewhile.

And so each one will come and go ;
For each I'll heave a sigh,
For each I find the greeting smile
While yet it cometh nigh. ~

And still the scented spices lie,
Outside the weary gate,
And there the jewels glitter still,
Until it be too late.

AGAIN.

AGAIN I see the spring light,
Fall over field and sky,
To paint its lovely pictures,
For weary watching eye.

Again, I hear the song birds,
Sing from the trees above,
Their songs of wild sweet music,
Full of their new found love.

Again, the little lambkins,
And calves play on the hill,
Or in their freaks of sporting,
Bound over bank and rill.

The quiet kine are grazing,
In peaceful safety near,
And the flocks look up in watching,
If aught of danger's near.

The blossoms in the meadow,
The hawthorn on the hedge,
Are full of new sweet flowers,
Young lovers' vows to pledge.

There, where the cottage sitteth,
So quiet in the vale,
Comes the voices of children,
On the soft, low stirring gale.

I watch them and remember,
How as a tale that's told,
The self same things will happen,
When the world is ages old.

"FROM A DREAM."

FROM a dream I waken slowly,
While the words just murmured lowly,
Leave half uttered sounds behind,
Broken by the passing wind.

Yet I heard them, softly heard them,
Murmured over in my dream;
As one hears forgotten whisper,
Uttered by some careless lisper,
All unconscious what they mean;
Things remembered, that hath been.

Was the little angel hovering,
And with snow white pinion covering,
Saddened face, as I had dreamed;
While the glistening radiance beamed,
All around the darkened room,
Shutting out its fear and gloom.

Was the wind that bore them further,
Sent to scatter or to gather.

Memories of lovely things?
As from gardens old we bring,
Scented blossoms we have cherished,
Fallen by the way and perished.

Ah! too vague the words to tell me;
And the white wings flew too swiftly,
On the wandering wind to show,
What the spoken words so low,

Still I dream and seem to see them,
Lovely visions beckoning say,
Seem to hear sweet voices whispering,
"We have found a fairer day."

SAD, BUT TRUE.

SHE sat in her lonely cottage,
And poverty sat at her side,
For hunger, and cold and sickness,
He had opened the door full wide.

There was care on her haggard features,
There was care in her heavy heart,
There was care in her mind encumbered,
By ills that would not depart.

And she looked on her little babies,
Oh! she looked on their faces pale,
And the thought of all they must suffer,
Made her heart, in its anguish, quail.

Beyond, but full in her seeing,
Reared a stately palace tall;
And she heard how merry voices,
Made answers to every call.

And closer, and nearer, and sadder,
Grim poverty drew to her side,
And showed to the mother despairing,
What she fain from herself would hide.

For the sake of her tender nurslings,
She had told them only of hope;
How all of the treasures they longed for,
When the doors of the future would ope,

Would be their's in God's tender mercy;
The gift of a Father's hand,
To the widow and her helpless orphans,
Who dwelt in a bitter land.

But her own heart sank in the waters,
Of a sullen and deep despair,—
And in vain she strove to lift it,
Above all of the horrors there.

For still poverty, gaunt and bony,
Walked in the waters too;
Side by side they were treading,
All of the dark depths through.

And the babes uneasily slumbered—
For hunger and cold would lie,
Hid in their little bosoms,
And under the half closed eye.

But the mother wept no tears,
And she had no strength for prayer,
She looked on their little faces,
And death—seemed hovering there.

Weaker, and wearier, and sadder,
She sank in her heavy woe;
Till sleep, most blessed of angels,
Did her only rest bestow.

And down by the sleeping children,
She sank in her slumber deep;
And poverty, still and lonely,
Was left with the house to keep.

It was cold in the bleak bare forest;
It was cold in the ice clad fields;
It was cold in the fireless cottage;
With no friend but want to shield.

She slept through the long night lonely,
They slept when the sun was high,
No sound, from babes or mother,
Was heard by the passers-by.

No hand had closed them gently,
The lids half open still;
The unclosed lips still pleading,
That only hunger filled.

No tender hand had straightened,
The bent and frozen form,
That still sat watching her children,
And striving to shield them from harm.

The voices glad in the palace,
Still answer to every call,
As the heavy clods, all frozen,
On the mother and her babies fall.

And under them, they are sleeping,
With poverty left behind;
To sit in the empty cottage,
And all of its cares to mind.

While the deep, dark waves of sorrow,
Still in their anguish flow;
But the babes and the care-worn mother,
Have passed where they cannot go.

For a friend who was tender and loving,
Came when the night was cold;
And one by one, he took them,
Into his own safe fold.

Ah—He bore them off to a palace,
Where these things never come;
Where the care-worn and the poor,
Find friends and a happy home.

YEARS.

RETREATING back, they all have moved,
Like armies vanquished sore,
Whose heroes and whose banners spread,
The world shall see no more.

A hundred in their giant lines,
Each teeming with its strength,
Each walking on its measured round,
Of equal breadth and length.

Until a thousand come and go,
And then a thousand more,
Walk over all the land and sea,
To reach an unknown shore.

Great things they bring, great things they take,
The half we cannot tell;
Their secrets deeper hidden lie,
Than in the deepest well.

We greet them as they onward come,
With conquest in their tread;
We mourn for them, as hearts must mourn,
When one they love lies dead.

A broken harp—a jewel lost—
A fountain all run dry;
A fever burning at the heart;
A wild and frenzied cry:

This—this, is what you bring, oh years!
As still you come and go;—
This, this—the harvest that you reap,
From seeds you cruel sow.

REST.

QUIET, peaceful, tender rest,
Thou art the kindest and the best,
Of all the gentle spirits sent,
To weary hearts and weak forms bent,
Beneath their heavy loads.

Thy hands are soft and tender too—
As our own mother's, loving, true—
And thou dost lay them on our hands,
And bind with softest, silken bands;
And on our wearied, bruised feet.

Upon our heaving, aching breasts—
Thou tender, patient, gentle rest—
Thou dost enfold with loving care;
Binding the silken linklets there,
 To hold it still in peace until,

The fret and fever shall subside—
And all the angry surging tide,
Shall roll far offward to the sea;
And let us sit right peacefully,
 With folded hands and gathered feet.

And quiet, soothéd, humble heart,
More willing then to take the part,
Of the great burden we shall bear,
Without a murmur or a tear—
 And onward journey to the end.

Sweet spirit, shall we need thee there,
In that bright land we love afar;
Will there be toil or burden bore,
When past the sea and reached the shore,
 We lay this weary burden down.

THE LAST VOYAGE.

A CHILD played on a shining shore,
And sifted golden sands ;
He laughed in idle extasy,
As they all slipped through his hands.

Behind him lay a glittering sea,
As smooth as sea of glass ;
Before him spread the blooming fields,
Where paths of pleasure pass.

About, around him lay the sands,
All sparkling in the sun,
And idly grasp on grasp he piled,
Until the day was done.

And then upon his little bed,
He sweetly dreamed it o'er,
The sunshine and the glittering sands,
Along the shining shore.

A youth stood by the self-same sea,
Nor heeded sun nor sands ;
His thoughts were far across the waves,
In rich and fruitful lands.

His heart was restless as his thoughts,
And spurned the curbing bond,
Which love still held with gentle hand,
Still firm as it was fond.

He watched the ships come sailing in,
He saw their freighted store,
And restless, restless grew his tread,
Along the busy shore.

Rich fruits and glittering gems and gold,
He saw them all piled there,
And dreamt of maid with lustrous eyes,
And golden ringéd hair.

He dreamt of cities in the sun,
Of music on the sea,
Of stately castles and the pride
Of wealth and revelry.

Impatient grew his heart as night,
Shut out the dazzling view ;
Yet while he slept he passed the sea,
And roamed the fair lands through.

A man with pride upon his brow,
And firm and steady tread ;
With triumph in his bold bright eye,
Erect and haughty head,

Stands by the sea where freighted ships,
Pour out their treasure vast,
And warns the toiling seamen watch,
The storm approaching fast.

At night when restless slumbers come
He labors still to save,
The seamen and the noble ship—
All from a watery grave.

While out upon the sea the waves,
They rave—they howl, they shriek.
And in the blackest darkness there,
The ship sinks down a wreck.

One evening when the sun goes down,
Behind a glittering sea,
An old man with a trembling step
Walks slow and wearily.

He looks upon the drifted sand,
And out upon the main.
And backward on the fields his eyes
Turn slow and sad again.

There is for me one voyage more—
One lonely sea to cross ;
Where I can carry nought I've gained,
Nor seek for ought I've lost.

Oh! lonely, lonely sea and strange,
My narrow craft shall be,
And all unknown the pilot too,
That steers the ship for me.

And strange the shore on which I land,
The throng that I shall meet,
The language may be all unknown,
With which they come to greet.

But out upon my voyage soon,
I know that I must start,
With hands and feet grown cold and still,
And quiet, pulseless heart.

It seems to me but yesterday,
 Since I a child in glee,
Played with the sands upon this shore,
 Nor cared for land nor sea.

It seems a day, a short, short day,
 Since first upon the main,
I sailed with heart of hope and pride,
 And soon came home again.

Then voyage unto voyage linked,
 Like chain of silver threads,
For fortune smiled and showered her gifts,
 Upon my favored head,

How quick they all pass by me now,
 How many lands I see!
And each one treasures yielded up,
 And precious gifts for me.

But they will soon be mine no more;
 Nor aught else on the earth,
For on this voyage I'll take nought,
 More than I had at birth.

Farewell—farewell, ye sunny lands,
 That still smile o'er the sea,
Ye will not miss my ships I know,
 Nor aught concerning me.

And fare you well, oh! boundless sea,
 I love each wave you roll,
'They'll echo music sweet and deep,
 To my departing soul.

They'll blend I think with other sounds,
That are not of the earth ;
Nor in its seas, nor on its shores,
Have ever had their birth.

But when I cease to see the land,
And hear the ocean roll,
The sound of other music far,
Will sweep across my soul.

He spake no more, but in his hand
Grasped up the dripping sand,
That through his palsied fingers passed,
As slow he walked the strand.

Sweet bells one morning on the air
Chimed low a muffled sound.
And slow and sad the throng passed on,
To one small spot of ground.

Where still cold hands and still cold feet,
And hushed and quiet heart,
Told how the weary voyager,
Without nor helm or chart

Had sailed on wide and unknown sea,
For strange and unknown shore,
Where never feet of man had left,
Their footsteps marked before.

Nor ever ship, nor ever voice,
Came back across that sea,
To tell how he was landed safe—
How fair the land might be.

But by the little mound all night,
The ocean rolls its wave,
With strange mysterious whisperings,
Of things it could not save.

With strange mysterious whisperings,
Of other distant bourne,
Where through the ages, ages—
Its travelers all have gone.

And young men pass with hurried steps,
And old men pause and sigh,
Where the sea mourns for the sleeper,
With his unawaking eye.

But by the little mound at night,
The ocean rolls its wave,
Nor ever tells what it may know,
Of things it could not save.

And mournful is its requiem,
Above the sleepers bed,
Do they hear it in their chambers!
Do they know what it has said.

THE STORM AT NIGHT.

THE dark clouds have gathered,
And roll over the sky;
The winds have ceased whispering,
And shrieking rush by.

And the pale moon and stars,
All trembling with fear;
Have hid their white faces,
As the wild storm draws near.

And the earth cowering low,
Sinks down in her fright,
'Mid the darkness and gloom,
Of the wild, stormy night.

All nature stands shuddering,
Aghast in her woe;
At the wrath of the tempest,
Above and below.

The beasts of the field
Are trembling with fear,
And vainly seek refuge,
Afar and anear.

While the fowls of the air,
Are borne on their wings,
As lifeless and aimless,
And sea drifted things.

Oh! fast drives the storm—
In his chariot by;
First on the earth,
Then aloft in the sky.

And his eyes flash fire,
Like a demon of hell;
And the sound of his voice,
Is as death's dreaded knell.

The soul stands aghast,
With nature in fear,
That the hour of her doom,
Stands beside her so near.

And her eyes dread to see—
'Mid the shock of its wrath,
The messenger hastening,
On the lightning's wild path.

But an arm that is stronger,
Still holds the wild storm,
Still binds the fierce lightning,
Shields the soul from all harm.

And the land and the sea,
And the heavens above,
Shall smile in the morning,
In the light of His love.

And the beasts of the field,
And the fowls of the air,
Will gather in safety,
From afar and anear.

And the soul, in its chamber,
With its uplifted voice,
With the great heart of nature,
Will sing and rejoice.

AND THERE ALONE.

OH heart, I said, one Sabbath morn,
When all the earth seems just new-born,
What do you seek by every way,
In every path where you may stray?
The face of all the earth is fair,
And peace and joy are everywhere;
Sweet plenty all thy stores have filled;
And Prudence strong new barns did build.
Friends watch thy every step with care,
And unaverted ills do share.
Tell me, I fain would buy thy peace,
If only I may know the price?
“Oh, as a child too far from home,
I long to see my Father come!
I hear His voice on every wind,
His goodness in each gift I find;
I hear His still small voice so clear,
It seems to whisper in my ear,
And I would fain press on and see,
What there is in His house for me.
A chamber wide and fair and sweet,
Where all my friends may come and meet,
A feast prepared and waiting there,

Which all in grateful love may share,
A fountain flowing nigh at hand,
That maketh glad the pleasant land,
Sweet music and a harp for me,
To sing my God my praise to Thee,
Who giveth all and asketh nought,
For without price they still are bought.
If you can give a heart like this,
Its perfect love, its perfect bliss,
Oh haste and search the stores of earth,
Give me not death—but birth, new birth.”
I closed my eyes and wept in pain,
I knew that I must search in vain,
Each clime, each land, beneath the sun,
Would cry “in vain” when I was done,
The sea with moaning answer too,
“My treasures will not quiet you,
The heart that weeps and pines for home,
Finds comfort when the message comes.”
The stars, the moon, all made reply,
“We cannot give for what you sigh.”
The blazing sun, new-born to power,
Looked at me in his mightiest hour,
And on his swiftest rays he sent,
“I cannot give to you content.”
God’s universe did answer me,
“We cannot aid, but pity thee,”
And in a quiet still retreat,
We brought our need to Jesus’ feet.



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